McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907. — NO. 49

State Library Harrisburg

SHOOTING ACCIDENT THURSDAY

William Sigman Painfully Wounded in the Right Foot.

DID NOT KNOW IT WAS LOADED

Cunningham Was Examining the Gun —It Was Discharged and Now the Young Man is Laid Up.

William Sigman, a young man employed in the cut glass works who resides on Church street, was the victim of a painful shooting accident on Thanksgiving day that will disable him for some time.

In company with his brother and another companion he was hunting on the hill back of the county home. Game was scarce, so the young men commenced fooling. A rope was tied to one of them and the other two were trying to draw him up into a derrick in that vicinity. A rifle belonging to one of the boys laid on the ground and a man named Cunningham of Bradford, who had joined the party, picked up the weapon and commenced to examine it, under the impression that it contained no load. The gun was discharged and Sigman received the bullet in his right foot, inflicting a painful wound.

He was taken to his home and is under the care of Doctors Chadwick and Ostrander.

A. & I. Order of Frogs Banquet.

In response to the message from the Grand Supreme Congenial which passed through space and landed on the walk in front of the residence of Fred D—hill Gallup, this Peeper in waiting assembled the craft at the Wright House Oasis at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, where they were served with an elegant game supper. One course tasted suspiciously like venison and this seemed to have a peculiar effect on some of the Frogs who have been dormant so long. Supreme of Swamp 2 at Hazelhurst was seized with a desire to "hop" and to the surprise of the members hopped from the oasis and when last seen was still hopping.

Supreme Congenial Abraham Lincoln Gallup occupied the Toad Stool and Fred D—hill Gallup was raised to the sublime degree of A Frog. There are several Peepers in waiting and the order expects to hold regular meetings during the winter.

The committee on increasing the order, was increased to three, Senator Garfield being added.

The meeting was a decided success and closed in due form at 11:59½ Washington time.

Mission at St. Elizabeth's Church.

The mission that was opened last Sunday at St. Elizabeth's by the Paulist fathers is drawing large crowds. The fathers are strong and able speakers and are holding their audiences in rapt attention.

A special feature is the question box. All questions pertaining to religious subjects are answered each evening. The mission will continue during the week and will close Sunday evening.

The intense interest manifested in these meetings can hardly be exaggerated. Religious matters are discussed clearly and logically by speakers of ability and cannot fail to draw the attention of all, no matter what their belief or to what denomination they may belong.

Remember that these meetings continue through the week and that all are welcome.

Was There a Plot?

Harold McCarty, son of Turnkey Frank McCarty of the county jail, who attends to the duty of locking and unlocking the prisoners' cells received two warnings by telephone from Bradford Tuesday night to be on the watch for an attempted escape on the part of one of the prisoners.

It seems that the police authorities in Bradford received some inkling that such an attempt was to be made and the young man was advised not to enter the cell room alone as he was liable to be knocked out. However, nothing out of the ordinary has occurred at that institution and as the young man is wide awake and cautious in the discharge of his duties there does not seem to be much danger that he will be caught off his guard.

A quantity of hay for sale. Apply to Mrs. Caroline Washburn, Smethport, Penna. 49 2

For Sale.

Team of work horses, wagon and harness, all in first class condition, will be sold cheap for cash.

Isaac N. Miller, Smethport Pa.
49 2 R. F. D. No. 3.

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Get back of a "Druggist" Straight 5.

GLASS FACTORY IDLE.

But it is Hoped that the Shut-Down is Only for a Few Days.

The Smethport Window Glass company's plant is idle at present but it is hoped that the shut-down is for only a few days.

Tuesday the American Glass Co. announced a cut in the price of window glass which greatly affected their manufacturers. The few factories which were running found that they could not pay the workmen the scale under which they were working and as a result operations were suspended yesterday morning until the matter of wages can be satisfactorily adjusted.

The matter may be settled to-day as the workmen will hold a meeting and they expect that some adjustment of the wage scale will be proposed by the head officials of the union.

The fires at the factory will not be turned out for several days and everything will be in readiness to resume work on short notice. The manufacturers and workmen are anxious for a quick settlement of the present difficulty and it is hoped that a satisfactory agreement may be reached to-day or to-morrow.

The Currency Question.

In speaking of currency matters in his message, President Roosevelt says:

"We need a greater elasticity in our currency; provided, of course, that we recognize the even greater need of a safe and secure currency. There must always be the most rigid examination by the national authorities. Provisions should be made for an emergency currency. The emergency issue should, of course, be made with an effective guaranty, and upon conditions carefully prescribed by the government. Such emergency issue must be based on adequate securities approved by the government, and must be issued under a heavy tax. This would permit currency being issued when the demand for it was urgent, while securing its retirement as the demand fell off. It is worth investigating to determine whether officers and directors of national banks should ever be allowed to loan to themselves. Trust companies should be subject to the same supervision as banks, legislation to this effect should be enacted for the District of Columbia and the territories.

"Yet we must also remember that even the wisest legislation on the subject can only accomplish to a certain amount. No legislation can by any possibility guarantee the business community against the results of speculative folly any more than it can guarantee an individual against the results of his extravagance. When an individual mortgages his house to buy an automobile he invites disaster; and when wealthy men, or men who pose as such, or are unscrupulously or foolishly eager to become such, indulge in reckless speculation—especially if it is accompanied by dishonesty—they jeopardize not only their own future but the future of all their innocent fellow-citizens, for they expose the whole business community to panic and distress."

The Prisoners Are Thankful.

The following communication from the prisoners in the county jail was sent to the MINER yesterday for publication:

"We, the prisoners of the county jail, wish to express our heartfelt thanks to Sheriff Mitchell for his kindness in furnishing us a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner. The menu was as follows:

Fricassee Chicken
Hot Biscuits with Gravy
Creamery Butter Mashed Potatoes
Chili Sauce
Coffee, Cream and Sugar
Home Made Mince and Pumpkin Pies

"And we also wish to express our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarty for cooking and serving the same in such a nice home-like manner.

"Signed by the Prisoners."

Farmers' Week.

The lectures and practical work given during Farmers' Week at the Pennsylvania State College last winter were so thoroughly approved by those present and the attendance this winter promises to be so large that more subjects will be discussed and more time given to the important subjects. Apple growing, insect pests, market gardening, dressing and curing meats, household sanitation, and cooking demonstrations are new subjects added this year. Seed corn selection, germination tests, soils, feeding, stock judging, starters and cream ripening are some of the other subjects. This is an opportunity for the business farmer, the dairyman and the creamerymen, with their wives, to spend a profitable week at the Pennsylvania State College, Jan. 1 to 9, at no charge except railway fare and living expenses. For program of subjects and speakers address Professor H. P. Van Norman, State College, Pa.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Robin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Don't Rush to Panama.

It is a pleasant and cheerful picture that is painted by a Marion Center (O.) man an engineer in the service of the Panama Canal commission, in a letter to friends at home, of the prosperous times on the isthmus. But in view of the recent official report with regard to labor conditions the prospect is made too inviting by addition of advice to all friends to "come down and stay for a year," for the writer can get them jobs good for $135 to $190 a month in gold as engineers. There is disappointment in store for any who accept. The commission, which knows the whole isthmus, sent a different message last week. It asked that the news be spread that no more men were needed, that all places were filled and that the addition of any more to the population of the republic of Panama and the canal zone would be embarrassing, unless they were able to support themselves. Persons who may see the Marion Center man's glowing invitation in the news reports will be wise to restrain themselves until it is seconded by the canal commission. His description and invitation, published since the discouragement from the commission, may seem by reason of the sequence of the publications to contradict the official representation, but really it does not do so, for the Marion Center man's letter reached the world through the relatively slow process of the United States mails, while the commission's warning came hot over the wires, and is, therefore, of much later date.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Mrs. Bradley is Free.

The trial of Mrs. Bradley for the murder of the late Senator Brown of Utah came to an end in Washington, D. C. Tuesday morning. The trial attracted much attention all over the United States on account of its sensational disclosures. A dispatch describes the scene when the jury rendered its verdict as follows:

"With a shout that resounded through the historic old court room the verdict of 'not guilty' was received by the great crowd assembled to hear from the lips of Foreman Feeney of the Bradley jury what fate was in store for the little white faced woman held for the taking of the life of Senator Arthur Brown of Salt Lake. Despite the command of the bailiff that there was to be no demonstration of any kind when the verdict was said, the glad hurrah, it would seem from every throat of that vast assemblage, went up in sympathy for the wan faced, fainting woman seated before the bar waiting to know what the future held in store for her. Not a rap of order was heard in the court room, noted for the dignity of its sessions after that demonstration and even on the face of Judge Stafford there was a smile and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Every man on the jury seemed unstrung and some of them wiped the tears that started in their eyes."

Drama and Vaudeville.

There is a big treat in store for the theatre-going public on next Thursday, Dec. 12, at the Lyceum when the powerful sensational Western Comedy Drama "The Train Robbers" will be produced. This is one of the most talked-of plays on the American stage, and holds the audiences spell-bound.

It is full of life and go from the rise of the curtain to the finale. It is a play that draws a moral, that touches the heart, based upon facts interwoven with fiction, every act brimming over with comedy, affording you plenty of laughter. In connection with this superb production the management are presenting some of the best acts in Vaudeville. Every act is a feature. Come and see "Herrmann the Great," Handcuff King and Jail Breaker, who will allow the chief of police, any detective or plain citizen to lock him secure in handcuffs and leg irons from which he will free himself. This wonderful feat is worth the price of admission. Other big acts are:

Harry Williams, character comedian and Ethelyn Mayer, lady baritone, presenting a comedy singing sketch, also Burton & Burton, presenting one of the best musical acts in vaudeville. Secure your seats in advance for this big attraction; it costs no more, and you will avoid the crush at the door that this company has every night wherever they appear.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 30, 1907:

O. S. Al (18), Dr. H. E. Cooley, Earnest Peters. Foreign: Thomas Melville.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted at the Berney-Bond bottle factory, boys from 14 years of age up. Good chance for men with sons capable of working in the factory as fathers will also be employed. 45tf

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Held for Court.

A case that has all the earmarks of a Black Hand operation was heard Monday in Alderman Clark's court. At the conclusion of the hearing Giovanni Muschia and Spring Christmas were held for their appearance at court in the sum of $400 bail, each, and will be taken to Smethport on Tuesday unless surety is provided. The prosecutor in the case was Joe Fresino, whose testimony revealed the fact that Muschia had tried to get money from him by the usual Black Hand method—that of making an appeal for aid for a sick man. Fresino said that the two prisoners came to the home of his sister on Saturday and asked for him at different times. Late at night they found him and induced him to go out of the house. He alleges that when the men reached a point near the Main street bridge they demanded that he should give them $10, and that if they did not get it then they would make the demand at another time. He also alleged that Muschia drew a razor, but that he turned the weapon on its wielder and cut him, after which he ran away. Muschia admitted asking for the money, saying it was for his cousin, who was sick, but denied that there was any trouble whatever over the matter. He accounted for the cut on his hand by stating that he had cut himself while shaving on Sunday morning. Spring Christmas stated that he observed the party talking, and that he told them all they had better quit talking and go home. His statement as to this effect was corroborated by Muschia, but Fresino stated that Christmas came to the house with Muschia and was a party to the attempted extortion. Fresino told the police about the affair on Sunday morning and was very wrought up, seeming to fear that his enemies would do him harm. He described his alleged assailants and warrants for their arrest were issued. They were located by Officer Bain and Constable Cline. When Muschia was arrested a 32-calibre revolver was found in his possession.—Bradford Record.

The Miner says: Friends of the prisoners have been exerting every means of influencing or intimidating Fresino into leaving town and not appearing against the prisoners, Muschia and Christmas, and the police are considerably worried for fear Fresino may be frightened into skipping out. The police believe they have made an important capture in laying hands on Muschia and Christmas, especially the former and they want to see them placed on trial with Fresino as the principal witness.

Brown-Partridge.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Alice Partridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Partridge, of No. 246 South avenue, to Mr. H. Edwin Brown of Ossining, N. Y., was solemnized Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Church of the Ascension, Rev. A. R. Kieffer performed the ceremony in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends.

The bride was becomingly attired in a beautiful gown of white radium silk and was attended by her cousin, Miss Florence Banta of Buffalo, who wore a gown of light blue silk. Ralph Partridge, brother of the bride, acted as best man. Master Davis Partridge, a nephew of the bride was ring bearer. The bride's ornament was a beautiful diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts of silver and cut glass.

After a wedding tour to points in New England States, Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be at home to their friends after February 1st, at No. 19, South Malcolm street, Ossining, N. Y.—Bradford Record.

The bride is well known in Smethport and popular with a large number of friends who will unite with the MINER in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Brown a joyous married life.

They Raise Brook Trout.

E. R. Helmer, who with his brother, Attorney Daniel Helmer of Port Allegany, is engaged in the business of raising trout at a $6,000 hatchery two miles from Port Allegany, was in town Wednesday, says the Coudersport Democrat. He was returning from Williamsport, where he sold and delivered 5,000 trout fry to the Larry Creek Hunting and Fishing club. The price of fry is $28 per thousand and during the past season Messrs. Helmer have disposed of many thousands. At the present time they have 270,000 eggs hatching.

There is at the hatchery at the present time 57,000 two-year-olds, 40,000 yearlings and 125,000 fingerlings. The hatchery is sufficiently large to hatch and care for a million little fellows.

Clarion State Normal.

Book-keeping, Business Arithmetic, Stenography and Typewriting are the special studies at the Clarion State Normal School for the Winter term beginning Dec. 31. The cost to students over seventeen years is little more than three dollars and fifty cents per week.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 46tf

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

The two-year-old son of Peter Parson of this borough, died on Monday morning, September 18, 1887, of spinal meningitis.

Gallup-Brennan.—At the residence of the bride's parents in this borough on Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1887, by Rev. W. Bradley, Mr. Murton J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett and Miss Alma J. Brennan of Smethport.

On September 24, 1887, at the Option House, Olean, Squire McKinley tied the knot which made Robert Sheehan and Myra Barden, both of Farmers Valley, man and wife.

Chris McGarty is the proud father of a boy, which Dr. Sharp says is a bouncer.

Died at her home in Keating township, on the 20th day of September, 1887, of heart disease, Mrs. Margaret Irons, wife of Geo. Irons, Esq., aged 85 years.

Mrs. Irons' maiden name was Margaret Flickbaugh, and she was born on a farm near Keating Summit on the 12th day of January, 1853. She was married to Geo. Irons on the 15th day of April, 1875. She has always enjoyed excellent health, and during most of her married life has been able to not only take charge of her household affairs but to do her own work. On Thursday of last week, about half past 2 o'clock p. m., her husband went to the woods back of the farm for a load of wood. When he left the house his wife was ironing and was apparently as well as usual. He returned in about three-quarters of an hour and was shocked to find her lying on the bedroom floor cold in death. She was the mother of eight children, five boys and three girls—two of them twins. The oldest is a boy nearly 21 years of age; the youngest boy is not quite two years old. The five oldest children were at school and the three youngest were playing in the yard outside the house, utterly unconscious of the sad intelligence to store for them until their father returned. It was a terrible blow to Mr. Irons as well as to those of the little ones who were old enough to comprehend the situation. Elijah Flickbaugh, Mrs. Irons' father, has been spending a portion of his time recently, with his daughter's family. At the time of her death was staying with his son, Jared, at Red Rock. The father and son are the only members of the family now living. Mrs. Irons was a devoted and affectionate wife and mother and the husband and aged father have the sincere sympathy of this entire community in their sad bereavement. The deceased was buried in the Irons family burying ground on the old homestead. The funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at the family residence and were conducted by Rev. Wm. Bradley. A large number of sympathizing relatives and friends were present.

We learn just before going to press that Nelson Medbery, husband of Mrs. L. T. Medbery of this borough, is dead. The sad event occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Comforth, in Kansas, on Sept. 30, 1887.

Died at the residence of her son-in-law, Capt. A. H. Cory, in Keating township, on Tuesday, October 11, 1887, Mrs. Nancy Holmes, aged 86 years.

Mrs. Holmes was the relict of the late John Holmes, in his day a prominent citizen of this section of the county. She removed with her husband to Smethport from Cheunango county, N. Y., in 1833, and has resided here continuously since. She was the sister of Judge Nelson Rielmond who died in Smethport in 1846, and was the mother of Mrs. Asa H. Cory of Keating township, Mrs. Byron D. Hamlin and Mrs. E. P. Carter of this place. She was also mother of two sons who died in early manhood. Mrs. Holmes has been in feeble health for several years but not until within the past few months has she been confined to her bed. She was a sweet old lady and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her daughters have watched over and tenderly cared for her in her declining years as none but daughters can. She was a member of the Episcopal church of this place, and the funeral services, which were held at Coryville to-day (Thursday), at 10 o'clock, were conducted by Rev. McCandless of that church. A large concourse of loving relatives and friends followed her to her last resting place.

Thursday, November 8, 1887, while at play with several other children at Dr. McCoy's, Dimple, the youngest daughter of D. C. Young, Esq., fell from a box and broke her arm at the elbow. The fracture, which was a bad one, was reduced by Dr. McCoy, and the little sufferer is getting along as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Orrin Haven, who resides on Potato creek, fell from a carriage on Saturday, October 29, 1887, and sustained a severe injury to her arm and shoulder.

Marsh-Greeley.—At Smethport, Pa., on Nov. 1st, 1887, by P. Ford, Esq., William Marsh to Sarah Jane Greeley, both of Norwich township.

Prominent Kane Citizen Dead.

Joshua Davis, one of Kane's pioneer and most prominent residents, died at his home in that town last Tuesday, after a long illness of general debility and heart failure, aged 64 years.

Mr. Davis was identified with the banking and real estate business in Kane and other towns and was closely identified with the rapid and wonderful industrial growth of that vicinity. He was a man who enjoyed the warm regard of a wide circle of friends for his many admirable traits of character. He was influential and highly esteemed in the community where he resided and was popular wherever known. He took an absorbing interest in politics and worked hard for the success of the principles he believed were right. Mr. Davis was a veteran of the Civil war.

In Masonic circles the deceased was an active member and held membership in the Kane Lodge, No. 566, F. & A. M.; Kane Chapter No. 279, R. A. M.; Bradford Council, R. & S. M.; No. 43, Knapps Commandry, No. 40 at Ridgway; The Pesque Isle of Perfection, Erie, Pa., and the Consistory of Williamsport.

He leaves a widow and three children—Mrs. Cora Danforth, Miss Anna Davis and Wm. H. Davis, all of Kane. The funeral was held last Thursday afternoon.

"Train Robbers" Made a Hit.

A Binghamton dispatch to the Elmira Telegram of recent date says: At 10 o'clock to-night Manager J. P. E. Clark arranged for a return engagement of the "Train Robbers," at the Stone next Tuesday afternoon and evening.

The show played to standing room only to-night and gave such unbounded satisfaction that a return engagement was immediately booked. The announcement from the stage of the return brought thunderous applause. "The Train Robbers" is a production of exceptional merit.

The characters are in the hands of extraordinarily capable people and the specialties are fine. The musical numbers were especially good. Professor Herman, the handcuff king, proved his ability this afternoon by escaping from the best handcuffs the police department could furnish, and this evening a committee from the audience tied him to the best of their ability, but he had no trouble whatever in getting loose.

The costumes worn by the company are really magnificent, and the melodrama the best seen here in years.

The same company mentioned in the foregoing article is the attraction at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, Dec. 12.

Resolutions of Respect.

Resolutions passed on the death of Edward Barbour, a member of Crosby Lodge No. 305, Whereas, Neighbor Edward Barbour was called from our midst, be it

Resolved, That Crosby Lodge No. 305, Modern Protective Association, while yielding to the will of the Almighty God, extends their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents and friends.

Resolved, That the charter of the lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the lodge and a copy placed in the hands of the county papers for publication.

GEORGE LATHROPE,
BESSIE DENNISON,
AGNES WHITELAW,
Committee.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46tf

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between E. W. Workley and Chas. McVane in the draying business this day, Nov. 26, 1907, has been dissolved by mutual consent and that the business will hereafter be conducted by Chas. McVane. 48 3t.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

I will receive a new stock of Hand Painted China on Saturday morning.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Shardvoint.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Day of Decision.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Copyright, 1906, by Alice Louise Lee.

When Lem proposed the fifth time I decided to take a day off in the little country town where I was not born and think it all out among the birds and flowers. There I should come to a final decision.

Lem grimaced when I told him—I did not reveal the name of my destination for obvious reasons—and retorted, "All right, June, think it over as much as you like, but remember if your decision doesn't suit me I shall not accept it—not I!"

That's the way with Lem. He ought to have been on his knees begging me to make it favorable, but he isn't that kind. He always sounds so straight he fairly bends backward and laughs when he should appear distressed. Lem is not an ideal lover, as I once bluntly told him.

He merely remarked grimly—it was on the occasion of his third proposal—"If you have a lover more ideal, flame him, and I'll go out and pinch his head!" Then he laughed.

Lem doesn't appear to take me seriously, except by name. I want to be called Jeanette, but he forgets, says Jane was always his favorite name. I admit that when he says it it doesn't seem half bad, but only think of the sound of it, June, plus Clee, Lemuel."

"My dove," exclaimed Lem when I called his attention to this, "there isn't another sentence in the English language that would suit me half so well." And he looked almost handsome when he said it.

He is not looking anyway, and every one praises him until I get tired of hearing it—"A rattling good fellow" (that from my brothers), "Plenty of sand" (that's father's verdict), "such a dear boy around the house" (of course that's mother), and so on, until I was really afraid I should get to taking others' opinions and not thoughtfully formulate one of my own. This was the reason I decided to spend Sunday at Skinner's Lake alone.

I came near being born at Skinner's Lake, as near as two months, and we left before I was six, so I have not a direct recollection of the place. Father often says it's too dead to be remembered, therefore I decided it would be just the place to set one's thoughts in array. Certainly there's no such opportunity at home. It's "June, sew on this button in a hurry," and "Oh, say, dear, make a fourth at tennis, won't you?" or "Jane, where did I put my arithmetic?" and "June, June, June" from morning until night.

I did not know the name of a person at Skinner's Lake and not wanting

"IS SHE THE LEAN ONE OR THE FAT ONE?"

any one in the family to learn of my destination I wrote to the postmaster asking if there was a hotel in the place, or, if not, would some nice lady board me over Sunday. He at once replied, "There is no hotel but a very nice laddy will take you next—Sunday." Judging by the way he spelled, he must have been born double jointed.

I wrote to the "very nice laddy," Mrs. Sweet, and made arrangements for my sojourn with her from Saturday evening to Monday morning. As luck would have it Saturday was rainy, and Lem dropped in at noon to beg me not to imperil my health by traveling; said if I'd only decide thinking at home he'd stay and help me. But I was determined and managed the matter well, getting him off without an inkling as to my destination. Then I got myself off.

At 6 o'clock the train left me at Skinner's Lake and moved on. Some way when I looked around I wanted to move on with it. The depot is a platform in the midst of a field, beside a water tank. A path led from it through a lot where some cows were grazing, and every cow, I observed, possessed two short horns which pointed straight at me when she looked in my direction.

The sun was shining, but every tree that hung over the platform contributed its quota of recent rain to the undoing of my new brilliantine suit, so I raised my umbrella and sat down on the edge of the platform to think—but not of Lem! No, I counted the horns, shifted that path and wondered what would happen next. The lier, and a half grown boy happened together. He came along the path whistling and paying no attention to horns just in time to get the mail bag which the lier threw out, and to him I addressed an inquiry.

He shouldered the lean mail bag and tilted his hat on the back of his head. "Sweet," said he meditatively. "Is she the lean one or the fat one?"

I didn't know, but I hoped she was fat.

The boy grinned and instructed me to "foller" him. I "followed" gladly, seeing in what contempt he held the cows, although the path, wide enough to form a dry thoroughfare for trousers, was too narrow for skirts; and I was conscious that every step was laying the foundation for a shrinkage in brilliantine. We walked half a mile before coming to the town, if a dozen houses, a church and a schoolhouse can be dignified by that name, and the boy pointed to a house on the outskirts as the home of the fat Sweet.

It was a square white house, with green blinds all closed. The front door was also closed and locked; ditto the back door. I stood on the back steps and looked around. Truth to tell, I wished I were at home. The country was indeed beautiful to look at, but not to walk in with low shoes and a new suit. The grass was knee deep everywhere, even in the front yard. Besides, I was getting very hungry.

Presently back of the house, beside an orchard, I caught sight of a man plowing between rows of green things. I waded through the grass to the wall and, balancing myself on it, called to him. He paid no more attention to me than if I had been a June bug. Finally I followed after him and touched his arm.

"Is Mrs. Sweet at home?" I asked.

He turned and looked at me hard without saying a word. Then he dropped the reins and stalked solemnly toward the house, I following, asking questions, to which no answer was vouchsafed. Finally I decided that he was insane and as we neared the house vowed I should never trust myself inside with him, but when he produced the key from under the doormat and opened the front door the action seemed to unseal his lips.

He cast one comprehensive glance into the dark interior and then burst out in a loud, hearty voice, "Mary Ann, she's taken down the sitting room stove!" After that it felt at ease, except with my wet feet.

While my host was building a fire in the kitchen stove he informed me in the rising voice common to the very deaf that "ma has gone to sewin' society," thinking I would not come in the rain, and also added that I must make myself "to home" while he "done the chores." Therefore I sat supperless for two hours and fed the fire, all the time thinking how much more comfortable I should be if some one would perform a similar service for me.

Nine o'clock and Ma Sweet came together. She was the fat one and felt so "turrible sorry" that she'd made a "mess of my comin'" that I forgave her and ate heartily of the supper she set forth—pickles and pie, cheese and doughnuts—cake and gilt. While I ate and until I went upstairs she rocked and asked me questions, pa snoring in his chair, until I was nearly wild. You see, so far I had not done a bit of thinking which would lead to a decision concerning Lem.

When I started upstairs I asked her to call me early, as I wished to walk out a little around the country alone. I emphasized "alone," for she had just told me that pa intended to get a surrey and take his sister-in-law, herself and me around the lake after breakfast. Before breakfast I decided I would walk through the cemetery and consider Lem. Not that there is anything funereal about him, but a cemetery is really live to thought—more conducive, I soon discovered, than is the combination of pickles, pie and cheese said to rest on a deep feather bed.

I had never slept on feathers before—and, come to think of it, I can't truthfully say that I slept on them that night, although toward morning I did fall into a doze deep enough so that I dreamed that Lem had turned into a great, sour cucumber pickle wearing an inverted mince pie for a hat, and then—

"Miss Drew! Say, Miss Drew, get up!" came outside my door, and I opened my eyes to the early dawn and—half past 4!

"We have breakfast at 6," continued Ma Sweet's voice, "but I didn't think you'd like to git up any earlier!"

Breakfast at 6! I crawled out and looked into the glass. One glance at my pale yellow skin was enough. I decided that there would be no communion with myself in the cemetery that morning and beat an ignominious retreat back to bed until breakfast was served—pickles, doughnuts and—that's horror of indigestion, pork and beans!

I ate slightly, both ma and pa commenting on my pallor and lack of appetite, and soon after breakfast pa's sister-in-law, the lean Mrs. Sweet, joined us, and we set out behind a big rawboned, long legged horse that took the old surrey over the ground in jerks.

I sat on the front seat with pa, while the fat and the lean Mrs. Sweet occupied the back seat. It was a glorious morning, and my spirits arose despite the fact that I had yet arrived at no decision. We were bound for Skinner's lake, which pa informed me loudly was as "pretty a water spot as could be found in three counties," and I believed him when we came in sight of it. It is set in a saucer shaped valley, with the road running so near the edge of the water that, swollen by the recent rains, the little bucket had en crouched on one wheel track.

As the old surrey creaked merrily along Ma Sweet began peeking over the back seat to assure herself and us that something was wrong with the vehicle. "It never snapped like this before," she began anxiously and raised her voice. "Pa, pa, stop and see what ails the critter!"

But instead of stopping pa cracked his whip and cried, "G'lang here!" He had not heard a word.

Then the lean Mrs. Sweet raised her voice: "Say, Watts, stop a moment! Stop!"

The snapping had increased in volume, but pa heard it not, nor did the thin voice of his sister-in-law penetrate his inner consciousness.

Then I took a hand in the matter. I half rose to bring my lips near pa's ear and [illegible] "Mr. Sweet, you better [illegible] I put on further. The right

THERE WAS LEM STANDING IN FRONT OF ME.

front wheel crumpled up and folded together like the remains of the one hoss shay, and I shot—headforemost, frog-like, over pa's knees into the lake, my arms extended and my hose sleeves scooping up quantities of yellow sand.

I pulled me out by my feet. They remained high and dry—which cannot be said of any other portion of my anatomy. My nose was scratched and tempted by pimples. My hair was soaked and filled with sand. Oh, I knew without looking at myself that I was a ridiculous sight. I struggled every time I tried to speak, and at last down flat in the middle of the road, shaking like a mold of jelly.

But the lean Mrs. Sweet came to the rescue. She was properly alarmed. She sent pa off on the white horse for another vehicle. She led me up on a sunny bank, took off my dress, wiped off my face and draped me in Ma's raiment, which folded twice around me. Then she and ma went on to see if they could not get some hot coffee at the next house. They assured me that no one traveled the road on Sunday, and anyway, I could not be seen.

So there I sat behind a clump of bushes on a rock, my bare arms bound fast inside the raiment, my hair drizzling sand and water over my face and down my neck, my eyelids red and the tears chasing down my cheeks or meandering over my poor matted hose, looking at my ruined brilliantine suit spread out to dry.

I was just wondering how I'd ever get back to town that night—I was bound to go that night—when without any warning there was Lem standing in front of me, looking me over with the gravest expression I had ever seen on his face.

Oh, it was a mean dark moment, but it was all my brother's fault. Brother had seen the postmark on the letter sent by the Skinner's Lake postmaster, and he had given Lem a hint, and promptly Lem had followed. There he stood looking me over at a time when I could least bear inspection.

"Humming criticisms!" he exclaimed. "This is what comes of going away to think. I never believed in thought myself."

I begged him to turn his back and look over the lake—such a pretty lake, but, oh, so wet. I was almost hysterical myself, but Lem never smiled. If he had— Well, when I remember the convulsions into which pa had gone over my appearance I considered it delicately thoughtful of Lem not to laugh—superhumanly thoughtful.

Instead of smiling he came a step nearer, and I began to free my arms and then remembered I couldn't. "It strikes me," he said soberly, "that the mermaid act ain't conducive to health this early in the morning. Aren't you pretty wet?"

Then I broke down. "Oh, Lem," I began, "I'm awfully wet and not pretty at all! Boo-hoo!"

Then he put his arms around me just as though I had announced a favorable decision and said with such comforting heartiness, "Jane, I never saw you when you weren't pretty enough to suit me all right!"

Well, I made my decision then and there, and when pa came back with a whole wagon and ma and the lean Mrs. Sweet with coffee they all looked askance at a wet sandy spot on the front of Lem's black coat. Neither of us had noticed it until they came.

A Doleful Pair.

It is a woman's privilege to have the last word," said the cynic.

"I know it," answered Mr. Meekton, "but there is no use of trying to get her to hurry to it."—Washington Star.

Large Doings.

On Long Island a hundred and more years ago there was fox hunting for three days during the season, and the biography of Catherine Schuyler contains the following apt lines from the pen of a witty woman whose name remains unknown:

A fox is killed by twenty men,
That fox perhaps had killed a hen.
A gallant act no doubt is here,
All wicked foxes ought to fear
When twenty dogs and twenty men
Can kill a fox that killed a hen.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensative bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

SELECTING A HUSBAND.

Capture Him While He Is Still Young, Docile and Plastic.

Because it is the duty of every woman to marry some man it by no means follows that she is deprived of the privilege of making acute discrimination. On the contrary, to fulfill her mission as completely as possible she should exercise the greatest care in selecting a mate. Time was when she had no say in the matter, and in some countries she has little or none today, but in this happily civilized land she still possesses and will undoubtedly hold for all time the right first to choose and then ensnare. It is a noble prerogative—one, in our judgment, that should be appreciated and cherished above all others. And yet, as we have observed, it should be exercised with caution. Let nothing be left to chance, as Plato would have had it when he decreed that pairing should be done by lot. While not overnice, be at least particular in order that the one chosen may feel honored by the distinction conferred upon him and so be the more readily induced to show his undying gratefulness.

Much that was thought and written years ago on how to choose a wife was good enough for the time, but the recent reversal of the relative attitudes of seeker and sought renders it valueless. Nevertheless, despite the fact that in considering the points to be heeded and the precautions to be observed by womankind we find ourselves in a fallow field, certain general principles may be regarded as established. It is best, for example, to capture a husband while he is still young, docile and plastic. Preferably also she should be in love. He may then be trained after the manner best calculated to serve the convenience of her for whom thenceforth he must and should toil.—George Harvey in North American Review.

OUR LARGEST SCALES.

The Monster Weighing Machine in the Washington Navy Yard.

The largest scales in the country are in the navy yard at Washington. They outweigh the largest railway scales by fifty tons. The latter are not to be sneezed at, for they easily weigh as much as a heavily loaded car. The navy yard scales are so accurate that they come within a pound of the exact weight. Railway scales are considered good if they come within fifty pounds. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine, which is some ten years old. The scales look like ordinary hay scales.

The delicate mechanism is invisible, the most intricate parts being in a broad pit below the ground. The platform is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base laid upon long piles. A solid base being one of the prime requisites of a powerful weighing machine, it was found necessary to use a pile driver to secure a stable foundation.

The machine is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world and is a splendid achievement of American ingenuity. In order to show the accuracy of the scales an officer picked up half a brick and tossed it upon the platform. He then consulted a long brass lever and found that the brick weighed just one pound.

The capacity of the scales is two tons. Two twelve-inch guns lying on a forty-eight foot car track can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.—Washington Star.

"I Trust You."

"I owe my salvation to three words you spoke," he wrote. "When all the world was against me you said, 'I trust you.'"

If every boy or girl who has made mistakes and gone astray could have such a friend a great many of them would return to a normal life. The feeling that somebody believes in us; trusts us, no matter what others believe or say, touches the heart. Criminals are sometimes totally reformed through the consciousness that somebody still believes in them, no matter how low they may have fallen. Could we realize how much this trust and confidence would do for a man when everything else has failed we should be more generous of our confidence in our fellows.—Success Magazine.

No Decoration Required.

It was Mr. Hobart's first experience with waffles, and he liked the taste of them. When he had been served twice he called the waiter to him and spoke confidentially.

"I'm from Pokerille," he said, "and we're plain folks there. Don't care much for style, but we know good food when we get it. I want another plateful o' those cakes, but you tell the cook she needn't stop to put that fancy printing on 'em; just send 'em along plain."—Youth's Companion.

Terrible Fate.

There is something which will appeal to every American in the horror of a fate invoked upon Henry James, Sr., by his son, the novelist, and recorded in the letters of E. L. Godkin. The young man had been worsted in argument and exclaimed:

"Then may your mashed potatoes always have lumps in them!"—Youth's Companion.

Just as Fresh.

Mrs. Newwed—Are these eggs as fresh as the ones I got from you last week? The Grocer—Oh, yes'm! Some of the same lot, ma'am. I've been keeping 'em for you.—Pick-Me-Up.

Old age is, as it were, the altar of ills. We may see them all taking refuge in it.—Marcus Aurelius.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

FEAR OF THE FOREST.

The Feeling That Comes When One Finds Himself Lost.

One must be independent to enjoy the vast freedom of the woods, night and protecting, yet unfettering, gathering myriads of living things in safety within their shelter. It is a wonderful experience—and familiarity cannot lessen the wonder of it—to choose some unfrequented trail that the forest has half reclaimed and follow it for a time, then suddenly to stop and listen. The undertrush, the trees, the broken thread of path, which had seemed only to echo our footsteps and frame a human form, now in our silence give forth all the voices of the woods, elusive, intermittent, but alive—life everywhere, whispering warning of an interloper who may have come for evil or for good, and one feels without seeing myriad eyes upon him.

Have you ever been afraid in the woods? Not that mysterious awe of the first twilights that all know who have camped, when the silence is absolute, when shadows have swallowed up the distance and the light has almost faded from the sky, when one feels dimly the vast, silent power of nature around him with which some time or other he must struggle and conquer or be crushed. This fear of the forest was different. I was alone and lost. I had taken a false trail at some unheeded turn and of a sudden realized the truth. For a long moment I could think of nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, only be conscious of the fact of my utter helplessness. I felt the heart deadening panic of the trapped animal, wanting to run against my barriers on every side. Only a moment, I say, and then my reason was alert to solve the problem of return. But the mental experience left a vivid impression, and I can understand the despair of the really lost, wandering endlessly in aimless circles.—Outing Magazine.

A SWORDFISH DUEL.

Two of the Monsters in a Vicious and Deadly Battle.

The big swordfish had reached the blue waters of the ocean when without warning a big backed torpedo like body shot out of the depths, coming at it like an arrow.

The swordfish tipped intuitively and a sword-armed his head as a big, thickset member of its own family swept through the waters above it.

The two fish turned and came at each other like mad bulls. Again by some miracle they missed, just grazing one another, to whirl about and begin the circling play for time and opportunity.

Then, like flashes of light, they turned and came on with a strange whistling sound and a compact that tossed the white churned spume high in the air—came together as only bodies weighing 200 or 300 pounds can when impelled by minute vibrant engines of unknown power—came together and remained there, whirling, tossing, tails in air, rolling over and over. The long slender fish had pierced the other, and the terrible efforts on the part of the fish were to unsheath the sword, which was only accomplished after a struggle for several minutes.

Then both fishes shot away, then again came together, giving mighty side blows, and then out of the red stained water one broke and fled.

The writer found the largest of these fishes a few days later on the sand, where it had been washed or thrown by the waves. Four or five deep wounds marked the body.

In one rush the sword had entered the eye, coming out at the gills; another cut a furrow along the top of the head, another still had entered slightly from below, but the real cause for defeat was evident in its sword, which was splintered and broken against its enemy.—Recreation.

The Truth Anyway.

A teacher in a tenement district hurried from the school to find the mother of a pupil who had been taken quite ill.

"Can you show me where Mrs. Angelo Scandale lives?" she inquired of a cherub transplanted from the sunny south to a dark, sunless alley.

"Yes, teach', I show you," and a willing, sticky hand dragged her on with such speed as to make her stumble over an Italian dame seated on the threshold.

After the teacher's breathless flight toward the clouds the little hand stopped tugging.

"There where Mees Scandale live," indicated the horizontal arm and finger, "but she downstair sitting on the step," finished the smiling lips.—Harper's Magazine.

Firstborns Will Agree.

They were discussing the law of entail—the English law bequeathing the bulk of the family property to the eldest son.

"There is 50 per cent of logic in that law," said a physician, "and if the family property went to the firstborn, whether son or daughter, the law would contain 100 per cent of logic. For the firstborn child is practically always the best—best in brain, in build, in beauty, in everything."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dangerous Combination.

Weary Walker—I allers knowed it! Tired Tatters—Knowed what? Weary Walker—Wot that sign meant, "Cleaning and Dyeing." Tired Tatters—Well, wot about it? Weary Walker—Why, I allers knowed they went together.—Illustrated Bits.

Second thoughts are often best, even in a case of love at first sight.—Philadelphia Record.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
1- good, reliable companies

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Statement of the condition of the HAMLIN BANK & TRUST CO., at close of business Tuesday, December 3, 1907:

RESOURCES

Real estate, Banking House and fixtures		$ 19,545.34
Bonds and Stocks		109,500.00
Loans, secured by collateral, mortgages, judgments and Commercial paper		511,559.93
Cash on hand	$43,798.47	
Cash in Banks	88,984.34	131,782.71
Total		$872,360.13

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	$200,000.00
Surplus, earned	50,000.00
Undivided profits	41,613.19
Deposits	580,746.94
Total	$872,360.13

We invite your attention to the above statement and solicit your accounts. Interest paid on time deposits. No transaction too large. No account too small.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
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We carry a complete and fresh stock of

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.

AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts, Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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The season for Blankets an Robes is here, and at th store you can always find
Just What You Want.
Il line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
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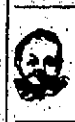
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Restores and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms or conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Smethport Cut Glass. Fine China.

JOHN C. HAMLIN,

The Big Store. — SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Gray on Thanksgiving day, a boy.

—The Big Store, J. C. Hamlin, has a new and interesting ad to-day.

—A valuable horse belonging to E. W. Jones died last Thursday night.

—Fry & Conies quote some seasonable prices on seasonable articles this week.

—Bell Bros., Olean, quote some rare bargains in their advertisement to-day.

—How to keep warm for but a little money is told by Monheimer in his ad this week.

—See "The Train Robbers" at the Lyceum next Thursday night. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

—The Lindholm Co., has a new and interesting ad to-day that you cannot afford to miss reading.

—Curtis Harbert, whose postoffice address is given as Smethport, has been granted a patent on a siphon skimmer.

—Frank McCann of Coudersport and Miss Gertrude Munn of Turtle Point were married in Olean on Thanksgiving day.

—Nancy Hanks, famous little trotting mare, at one time "queen of the turf," was sold in New York recently for $1,500.

—Two weeks from next Wednesday is Christmas day. A year's subscription to the MINER makes a nice present for one dollar.

—Your attention is directed to the change in the advertisement of the Grange National bank which appears in to-day's issue.

—L. K. Hogarth has improved his ice cream factory and tells you about it in his ad this week along with other announcements.

—So far two Smethport men are listed as candidates for sheriff. They are W. H. Morrison, present deputy sheriff, and E. W. Jones.

—Miss Sarah Louise Malcolm and Rudolph E. Westergren, popular young people of Kane, were married in Buffalo on Thursday last.

—Mrs. Priscilla Rounds died in Olean Saturday. She was one of the oldest persons in this part of the country, having celebrated her 105th birthday August 20.

—Eighty-seven people are now employed at the Smethport Cut Glass works. This is certainly a beneficial industry to the town.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 p. m. A good attendance is desired and visitors welcome.

—Considerable complaint is made of boys damaging street lights around town. This sort of mischief is liable to prove costly if the offenders are discovered.

—Two more candidates for the nomination of county commissioner are A. M. Marsh, jury commissioner, of Bradford township and John McCary of Annin township.

—Dr. Frank Farwell of Galeton and Miss Fanny E. Beaumont of Mt. Alton were married at the home of the bride on Wednesday, Nov. 27, by the Rev. J. M. Walters of Bradford.

—Many papers throughout the country are raising their subscription rates. The price of the MINER remains the same. Better take advantage of the dollar-a-year rate if paid in advance.

—According to an exchange O. M. Bishop of Degolia raised some particularly fine tobacco this year and is of the opinion that tobacco can be successfully cultivated in McKean county.

—N. W. Heinemann of Colegrove advances his subscription to the MINER five years. It is incidents of this kind that help to make the life of the newspaper man one glad sweet song.

—Clyde Wile and Willie Dollard, 12-year-old lads of Olean, walked from that city to Bradford on Sunday. The boys left Olean at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon and reached here at 4 p. m.—Bradford Era.

—Daniel Murphy of Olean, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, fell under a train in that city early Saturday morning, while engaged at his work, and seven cars passed over his legs. He died within a few hours.

—Something new. Where? Christmas Market and Chicken Supper at the M. E. Chapel, to-day, Dec. 5. Christmas Market begins at 2 o'clock this afternoon and Chicken Supper at 5:30. Please do not forget the place and date.

—T. J. Flynn, who conducts a news stand in Bradford, was held up and robbed by two men on Roberts street in that city Friday night. He was badly beaten by his assailants and robbed of $50. There is no clue to the identity of the highwaymen.

—On Friday evening 25 of Miss Edna Comes' young friends gave her a surprise in honor of her sixteenth birthday. Refreshments were served and at a late hour all departed wishing her many more happy birthdays. She received many costly presents.

—It is said that the Port Allegany Gas Co., through C. S. King, has secured some valuable gas leases close to the borough boundaries of Smethport that no one has been heretofore able to lease, and that the territory will be developed soon.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—"I'm Married Now," a farce-comedy, was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday night, and seemed to amuse the small audience. The theatrical business is keenly affected by the financial stringency, and all over the country managers of theatres and traveling companys report poor business.

—There are a good many smokes in a car load of cigars, and the fact that Tinkham Bros., wholesale cigar dealers of Jamestown, N. Y., recently made a shipment of that size to their customers in three States is pretty good evidence that their cigars are popular. There were over half a million cigars in this big shipment.

—Constable E. W. Jones was transacting business in this locality Wednesday. Mr. Jones informed the Herald that he will enter the race for the Republican nomination for sheriff at the coming primaries. He is a hustler, fully qualified for the position and will give the other fellows a run for their money, and that's sure.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The case of J. B. Clark, otherwise known as the "Johnstown Kid" who was held for the grand jury in September, charged with swindling Joseph Levey of Wellsville, out of some $700 on a horse deal, was presented to the grand jury, but no indictment was found. Clark has been out on bail, and can now stay out. That's another "hoss on Joe."—Austin Autograph.

—Peter A. Connolly died in Maskogee, I. T., Wednesday of last week from typhoid fever. Up to within the past few years he was a resident of New City where he was engaged in oil operations. Mr. Connolly was a Democrat, and in 1900 was a candidate of that party for Member of Assembly from McKean county and although defeated made an excellent run. The remains were brought to Titusville where burial was made.

—Mike Holka, charged with the murder of Baltimore, Edward Moehan at Franklin on the night of Nov. 23rd, has received a fair and impartial trial and stands convicted of murder in the first degree and all this transpired in less than six days from the commission of the crime. Moehan was attempting to arrest two Austrians, countrymen of Holka's, when the latter shot him in the back and his death resulted within a few hours.

—Joseph E. Miller, a florist, recently drove into Harrisburg with a wagon load of chrysanthemums which were for sale at 35 cents each. Miller left his team along the curbstone and stood talking to a friend. Another horse was driven up back of the florist's wagon and the driver left it for a few minutes. Miller soon after saw this horse eating his chrysanthemums and upon investigation found that $37 worth of the plants had disappeared.

—D. Burlingame, an old and valued friend of the MINER, who resides in Altoona, in a letter to this paper says: "I was born in Smethport near the old Haskell oil well in 1829, in a log shanty. I was raised on johnny cake, venison and hemlock tea. Therefore have always been hale and hearty. The present finds me in the city of Altoona, a very busy, prosperous municipality of nearly 60,000 population. The P. R. R. shops are located here and the company's pay roll for October was over $900,000. Over thirty miles of streets have been paved within the last three years, under the administration of Mayor Walker. Nuff ced."

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes, Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Babes as Bait.

"Wot do ye think," said the sailor, "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"

"No. Crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day. Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, of else, o' course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply set on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream and the hunter lays hid near him, a sure perfection. The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore where ye can pot him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire. I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'." Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make us much as $2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."—Chicago Inquirer.

Has a Job Waiting.

"I hear you're getting to be a real sport," a veteran in that line remarked to a youthful acquaintance of the conservative sort recently married.

The young man repudiated any such intention.

"Just placed a little bet among the boys in the office, you know," he added. "Put in $1.50 and won $40 in a trifling pool."

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," said the veteran. "You'll grow up after awhile. What did you do with the $40—put it on the races or open wines?"

"Bought a ton of coal and a set of false teeth for my wife," was the reply.

When the veteran revived his young friend had disappeared.

"Gee," he soliloquized, "that's a new one in sport. If I win tomorrow guess I'll buy my mother-in-law a new cork eye and some darning cotton."—New York Globe.

Ideal Justice.

"Sammy," said a Germantown mother recently to her youngest born, "when you divided those seven pieces of candy with Arthur did you give him four?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sammy. "I gave him one and I took three, 'cause I'm bigger'n he is."—Harper's Weekly.

The Poet Villains.

"I don't [illegible] for the poet [illegible]," said Miss [illegible]. "They always [illegible] in the end. Somehow I can't help feelin' sorter sorry for the villainses."

[illegible]

Maggie [illegible] mind my [illegible]. Now I know she [illegible] for me. Diggins (to [illegible]) Well, that's the way it [illegible].

"No, [illegible] never associate with a [illegible] for you."

"Real [illegible]," replied Miss Cutting, "I think I never met any of your friends."

—To forgive a fault is another kind of love. Love cannot be faultless oneself.—George Sand.

There are times when God asks nothing of his children except silence and patience.—Robinson.

When your Watch Stops

You cannot make it go by shaking it.

When the bowels are constipated you can disturb them with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their allotted work until they are put into proper condition to do it.

One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.

The use of pills, salts, castor oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

is the method adopted by intelligent people.

Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.

Druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c.

Sanes

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

The Cripple and His Father.

Not even the wide turning trousers of his sailor suit could wholly hide the slender form wasting away from lack of use. Smouldering brown eyes illuminated the little face, made wizen by hours of pain, as he smiled up at the tall man at his side, who, broad of shoulder and strong of face, smiled back encouragingly.

A troop of small boys noisily invaded the car at the next station. Reckless in their good spirits, one of their number was roughly pushed against a crutch, causing it to fall to the floor. The man's eyes blazed more with anguish than with anger as he exclaimed harshly, "Be careful!"

The sturdy urchins, awed at what had occurred, subsided in seats opposite. The man looked over their heads into space. The child looked first at the boys, then with questioning eyes back at the man.

"Fawther," he whispered as he lightly touched his sleeve, "would you love me better if I was like those boys?"

The man gave a startled glance across the aisle at "those boys," insolent in their perfect health and boyhood vigor, then tightly, grasping the hand nearest to him said: "No, son. I love you better than all the world—just as you are."—New York Times.

Risky Speculation.

In the days "befo' de wah" a handy negro named Jack was saving money earned at odd times with which to buy his freedom. His master encouraged him and kept his money for him. In time Jack had saved $900 and needed only another hundred to make him free. His master told him that it wouldn't be long now until he could get another hundred. Jack went out with another slave to celebrate some local festival. Returning along the railroad track they were frightened by an approaching train. Both got off the track, but Jack's companion fell and, striking his head against a rock, was killed. Jack hurried as rapidly as he could to his master's house. It was a late hour, but the master must hear him. He said, "Marse, mah money right now." The astonished master remonstrated, saying, "But, Jack, you need only another hundred dollars to get free." "I knows it, Marse Henry, I knows it, but niggers is too easartin. Bill jes' killed hisself by bustin' his head agin a rock, an' I ain' gwine loves' mah money in nothin' as easartin as niggers."—Washington Herald.

In the blackest and coldest storms the soul of the brave man can be bright and warm.—Baltimore American.

It is better to become great than to be born great.—Bismarck.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evident by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than Kodol. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth

—Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank.

Our Ice Cream factory has been improved and is again in operation. For Christmas will have Vanilla, Banana and Chocolate Ice Cream. Plain or in bricks.

New China. Fresh Pine Candies. Best line of Cigars ever seen in Smethport.

Everything in the Druggist line of the best at the right prices.

Hot and Cold Soda.

Call and see us.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, as Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, by furnishing patients through druggists, small 25 cent Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure, as a test because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help, that I am positive it is worth a trial to any sufferer of real, genuine merit. But this I do not promise free tests, also the kind we all know, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snowy white healing ointment, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass boxes. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a very cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means take Dr. Shoop's Restorative, for much distress, or lack of general strength, eating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, usually call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative. But for uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Alusanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or 25 cents monthly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1907

ACCORDING to a Washington dispatch Former Senator Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia, 84 years of age, multi-millionaire and former Democratic candidate for vice president, is to be married, so intimate friends of his assert. The bride to be, according to the announcement, is Miss Maud Ashford, daughter of the late Malden Ashford, poor in her own right and only a few months ago earning her living by working as a society reporter for a Washington paper. Senator Davis has a fortune of $30,000,000.

THE football season has closed. Under the new rules open play has been the feature in this year's contests and the game is therefore much more interesting from a spectators point of view. Yale went through the season without a defeat, and although they do not play with various strong teams that defeated or made other of the big colleges hustler football authorities seem to consider the Yale team the best of the year. But for the University of Pennsylvania's disastrous defeat by the Carlisle Indians that team would have a strong claim on the honor.

THAT Japan is not only planning to outdistance the United States in the struggle for the commerce of the Pacific, but has already driven the steamship lines of every other nation out of the Chinese trade, is the statement of Harry L. Paddock, United States consul at Amoy, China. "The Japanese have captured the entire ocean carrying trade of China from Hongkong to Shanghai," he said. "The British lines which some years ago monopolized this business are doing nothing. The same is true with the German lines. All have succumbed to the competition of the Japanese, aided by their large subsidies and the low pay of their crews."

CONGRESS is in session but from all indications no business of general importance will be transacted until after the Christmas holidays. In speaking of the President's message one report says: "Despite the fact that it is the longest message ever sent by a President to a Congress at its convening, consuming nearly three hours in the reading, the Senators and Representatives did not seem to bother much about it. The universal comment was upon the copious references to the extracts from previous messages and speeches, incorporated in the message giving the whole document a reminiscent tone. Speaker Cannon of the House promptly named the committee on banking and currency. Representative Fowler of New Jersey is chairman of the committee.

With his voice ringing loudly and plainly and every expression of his face marked by unusual earnestness, the Right Rev. Dr. C. P. Anderson, bishop of the Chicago Episcopal diocese, Sunday night at Carnegie Music hall, Pittsburg, declared it was one of the most disloyal things of the present day for certain guilty men to attempt to shift the blame of the money stringency to the shoulders of one man, meaning President Roosevelt. Dr. Anderson is an able man, well versed in the affairs of his country, and he voices the sentiment of people of intelligence. Happily the great majority of the American people understand the malice that lies back of this frantic criticism so that it is comparatively harmless. As for the President himself, he is too great a man to be harmed by these senseless tirades.

Given Her Choice.

Little Harry's experience with death was limited to the decease of a pet canary which had been sent to a taxidermist and now adorned the parlor mantel.

His grandmother, of whom he was very fond, was taken suddenly ill. For some time after he learned of her condition he sat in a brown study. Then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he tiptoed into the sickroom, and, cautiously approaching the bed, fixed his serious big brown eyes upon his dear relative and said, with a little quiver in his voice:

"Say, grandma, if you die, which would you rather be—buried or stuffed? 'Cause if you're buried we can't see you no more, but if you're stuffed we can set you in the parlor."

Grandma immediately began to mend.—London Scraps.

Matter of Fact.

A visitor from London found in a cafe at Rotterdam a Dutchman who had been about a bit and who spoke English perfectly well.

This Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the Londoner, an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

"You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day," said the Englishman.

The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe and then slowly removed it from his mouth.

"Certainly not without breaking it," he said, gravely.—London Chronicle.

Never Before.

First Lecturer—I've a great story to tell you—one you never heard me tell before. Second Lecturer—Is it a really good story? First Lecturer—It certainly is—one of the best. Second Lecturer—Then I'm sure you never told it before.—Lyceumite and Talent.

One Way to Be Happy.

The only way to be happy is to take every loaf of bread at its face value and every pound of butter for sixteen ounces, for the sure road to discontent is to inquire more closely into such occult matters.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Why Marriage Failed.

"Have the Timberlines separated?"

"Yes, I understand she has left him."

"Why?"

"She married his job and he lost the job."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Several Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1907

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate upon sub-division No. 862, of Warrant No. 2389, in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described upon a plan of said subdivision made August 25th, 1888, by Mordecai N. Powell as lot No. THIRTY-ONE, said lot number thirty-one being situated directly in the rear of lot No. 1, same plan, and separated from it by an alley way ten feet wide (which alley way is always to be kept open as a public thoroughfare); said lot No. 31 extending westwardly two hundred feet to Hopkins Avenue, fronting one hundred feet on said Thurston avenue, and containing twenty thousand square feet of land more or less.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame building for store and dwelling purposes combined. And one, one and a half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Peter Perry, at the suit of H. E. Shaffer for use of M. and L. Schwarz.

H. E. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at an iron post on the west side of High street, twenty-five (25) feet, north of the northeast corner of lot owned by Harry Campbell, and being the northeast corner of lot sold by Miss A. Adams to Elizabeth Conlin, and running thence westerly at right angles to High street, and along said Conlin lot eighty-one and two-tenths (81.2) feet. Thence northerly along the line of Spencer Franklin ten and one-tenth (10.1) feet. Thence still northerly along the land of said Franklin fourteen and three-tenths (14.3) feet to an iron post in the northwest corner of lot No. 68. Thence easterly seventy six and eighty-five-hundredths (76.85) feet to the west side of High street. Thence southerly along the west side of High street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to Geo. W. Huntington by James B. Johnson by deed dated July 23rd, 1902, and duly recorded, and being also the same land conveyed to Rhoda Comstock by George W. Huntington and wife by deed dated August 5, 1902, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 131, page 111, &c.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Rhoda Comstock, at the suit of the Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the west line of High street seven hundred and seventy-five and eight-tenths feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said west line of High street and the south line of Elm street, said post being in the southeast corner of lot sold by J. S. Newell et al to Peter Hadley; thence northerly along the west line of said High street, thirty-seven and fifty one hundredths feet to a post; thence westerly by a line running at right angles with said High street, one hundred feet to a post; thence southerly by a line running parallel with said High street, thirty-seven and fifty feet to a post; thence easterly by a line running at right angles with said High street one hundred feet to the place of beginning. Being same land transferred to Catherine Madigan by J. S. Newell et al dated September 1, 1891, and recorded in McKean county in Deed Book No. 111, page 477, &c.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house with an ell attached.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Dougan et al at the suit of W. E. Duncan, Assignee of Florence E. Kane, who was assignee of Jno. M. B. Barber.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Wetmore, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being Warrant No. 2582, subdivision 240, containing sixty-three acres more or less. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas. And being same land contracted to be sold by John Van Kirk to L. W. Deming by Agreement dated April 5th, 1906.

Partly improved and having thereon one Barn and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. W. Deming at the suit of John Van Kirk.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 20, 1907.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

More light
Less trouble
No smoky chimneys
No charred wicks

Family Favorite Oil

The bright white light—the oil that's best for illuminating purposes.
Always the same—colorless—odorless—no sediment.
Safe—150 degrees fire test.
Costs same as tank wagon oil but infinitely better.
YOUR DEALER HAS IT.

Waverly Oil Works
Independent Refiners
Oils for All Purposes
PITTSBURG, PA.
BOOKLET SENT FREE.

Olean's Big Department Store.

CUT PRICE SALE OF
STYLISH SUITS AND COATS.

SUIT REDUCTION

Every Suit in this mark-down is superbly stylish and splendidly tailored, which consideration makes strong the attractiveness of these bargains.

All $22.00 Suits go at.....$18.00
" 25.00 " " " 22.50
" 45.00 " " " 40.00
" 50.00 " " " 39.00
" 75.00 " " " 50.00

Rare good news for the Women or Miss who has a New Suit or Coat to buy. We've cut prices on the very cream of Winter assemblage and cut them deep. We wish to quickly lessen stocks, and the blue pencil has been busy lessening prices. So now you may choose from the best liked Coat and Suit styles of the season.

1 lot Black Kersey Coats, ½ lined, regular value $18.00, sale price.....$15.00
1 lot Black Kersey Coats, regular value $10.00, sale price.....$6.95
25 Black Coats, 52 in. long, lined throughout, regular value $12.50 sale price.....$8.95
50 Coats in black, blue, brown, castor and green, our special, regular value $20.00, sale price.....$16.95
1 lot handsome tight-fitting black Coats, regular price $18 to $20, sale price.....$14.95
1 lot Caricul Coats in all lengths from 22 to 52 inch, Black only. Every Coat cut at least $5.00. We have too many on hand.

MILLINERY

100 Ladies' Fine stock Hats come in on this big Reduction Sale. Now is the time to buy your winter hats.

Our Fur Stock Should Appeal to the Conservative Buyer:

No city in Southern New York can show a more attractive assortment of Furs, than this big store and the time to buy in now. Prices are convincing.

FURS! FURS!

1 lot fur coats, $30 grade at $25 1 lot fur coats, $ 35 grade at $30
1 lot fur coats, $50 grade at $39 1 lot fur coats, $ 75 grade at $60
1 lot fur coats, $85 grade at $75 1 lot fur coats, $100 grade at $95
Squirrel Sets, natural and blended, all the new shapes, great reduction price, per set.....$5.95 to $10.00
Mink, per set.....$39.00 to $125
Fox Muffs, 4 stripes, reduced to.....$7.45, $10 and $15

SKIRTS

500 Ladies' and Misses' Skirts in black and colors, in the new flair. Also handsome new plaited with folds to go at reduced prices.

Basement Sale Books and Baskets

Saturday was opening day in our basement and it seemed almost like the "night before Christmas" as everybody was present. Our assortment of Dolls, Books and Baskets is very attractive just now. First showing of toys Saturday, Dec. 7th.

BELL BROTHERS,
The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST
Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.
BOYS' OVERCOATS, $2 to $7.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
32-34 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

We are showing a great assortment of stylish Millinery, Coats, and Furs for the winter season.
We want you to especially see our line of Coats. A good variety which covers all the approved fashions of the season.
The quality and workmanship is the best and the prices are very moderate.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer. SMETHPORT, PENNA.

A Dollar Bill Buys
$2.70 Worth
of
SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the
Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,

OVERCOATS

We have lots of them.

By buying them in big lots we get them much cheaper. And to give you advantage of our overstock we will sell for this week your pick of our stock at a price that will fit your pocketbook.

They run from $8.00 to $25.00.

They sell this week from $6.25 to $19.75.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison
143 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.
We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Greek Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the waute of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

CURE YOUR INDIGESTION

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside. (5)

Chew a Bowel Bon Bon every once in a while and escape the disturbing disorders of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dizziness, Indigestion and Constipation.

HUN-E-LAX, the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon contains the substance that will keep you in perfect health.

Try a box today. Take no other.

10 cents—The Box of 5—all druggists

Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

REGARDING CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Not quite three weeks yet to complete the Xmas shopping and busy weeks they will be. Every one has some friends to remember at the Holiday Season.

At this season we particularly invite you to call on us for your needs and we will do our best to see that they are properly cared for.

Fresh Goods are arriving daily and we are at present in a position to care for your most exacting ideas in our lines. We would particularly call your attention to Suits, Coats and Furs at this season. Our department has done more than former years so far and we wish you to benefit by our prosperity.

The line of Coats for Misses, Women and Children are unexcelled, either in quality, style or price. The Fur season, though just commenced, bids fair to be better than ever and we are prepared with an assortment of the new things, either in neck furs or fur sets—in squirrel and mink.

Plaids and fancy silks in waist pattern lengths at from 50c to $1.50 a yard. These are very good.

Our Shoe Section teems with new shapes in all leathers, Queen Quality, Patrician and Dorris. Priced from $1.75 to $4.00.

Also the Latest in Belts and Bags, Fancy Baskets "Indian make" Combs and Comb Sets, Fancy Sterling Articles, Belt Pins and Buckles.

ROYAL SHIRT WAISTS.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court convenes next week.

—The MINER only one dollar a year if paid in advance.

—Better settle that subscription bill before Christmas.

—"The Train Robbers," at the Lyceum Thursday, Dec. 12.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Allen of East King street, this morning, a girl.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett announces Doll Day, Dec. 7, in her advertisement this week.

—"Miss Petticoats" is coming to the Lyceum Jan. 17, 1908. This attraction is highly spoken of all over the country.

—Wendall & Quinlisk will hold their dancing school and after dance at the Lyceum next Wednesday. All are invited.

—Remember the Christmas market at the M. E. chapel this afternoon. Also the chicken supper which commences at 5:30 o'clock.

—Flora Jenkins, an incorrigible girl, was arrested in Bradford Sunday and on Monday Chief of Police Murray took her to Morganza.

—On account of a scarcity of grinders—the skilled workmen who finish the knives—the cutlery works has not been running for a few days.

—The Mission at St. Elizabeth's will close on Sunday next. These meetings are attracting much attention and it is for the benefit of all to attend.

—The Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. have a change of advertisement in this issue that is of particular interest at this stage of the financial question throughout the country.

—J. E. Haley now runs a hack to Newton on Sundays, leaving Smethport about 1 p. m., and connecting with the 3:12 flyer on the B., R. & P. Passengers who wish to take the noon flyer should notify him in advance or leave word at C. B. Dickenson's news stand. Last Sunday was the first day of this service and it was well patronized.

—The new gas engine has arrived at this office and will soon be placed in position for work. It is of the famous International Harvester Co.'s make, and is consequently a good one.

—The Keystone Guard of Ormsby will give a dance Friday evening, Dec. 13, to which all are invited. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music. Dance, $1.00. Supper, 50 cents per couple.

—Mrs. J. C. Cunningham of East Main street sustained a fractured rib and severe bruises a few days ago by a fall from a table upon which she was standing while adjusting a curtain.

—"The Train Robbers," which comes to the Lyceum next Thursday evening is very highly spoken of by the press in cities where it has exhibited. The prices are very reasonable and it should be greeted with a crowded house.

—Amandus Engstrom and family have moved into their new dwelling house on East Main street. The house at the corner of King and Fulton streets vacated by Mr. Engstrom will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs B. T. Garlick.

—A new storm front has been placed on P. E. Brown's theatorium, which adds much to the comfort of his patrons. This amusement place is very popular as the proprietor makes every effort to give the people their money's worth.

—Advertisers are requested to observe the office rule requiring that copy for changes of advertisement be in this office by Tuesday noon. Many ads have to be changed weekly and it causes much inconvenience to the ad man if copy is not on hand before the above time.

—Coasting on the sidewalks is becoming a nuisance in Smethport. The coasters not only endanger their own lives but those of pedestrians who have to use the walks after they become slippery as glass. If there is an ordinance against this dangerous pastime it should be enforced.

—A Cambridge dispatch complains of the neglect of the State in providing a proper reformatory for girls at Morganza. The evil of overcrowding is gradually being eliminated, but in the girls' department it is alleged that blank chapters are daily written upon the lives of unfortunate children who are banished there to associate with other girls schooled in the worst forms of vice. No oriental harem shuts out its inmates more completely from the world than do the walls of the girls' building. Visitors are rarely allowed there. Tales of cruelty practiced upon the inmates are related from time to time by those who have been released and may or may not be believed. Certain it is that every effort is made to keep the general public excluded.

—The Kane Window Glass company posted notices in their factory last week to the effect that helpers would not be needed a week from date of notice. Since the fires were lighted they have been working double shifts, but owing to the continual pull on the tank they had to desist.—Republican.

—The fair and supper held by the Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's church yesterday afternoon and last night was a complete success in every way. The display of fancy articles for Christmas was a large one and the low prices asked were surprising. An excellent chicken supper was served and was thoroughly enjoyed by all partakers.

—A communication from the Rev. T. D. Ware, formerly pastor of the Baptist church, Smethport, says: "I have accepted a call from the church at Milesburg, Pa., and Blanchard on the Bald Eagle railroad and begin my work the first of December. I expect to make my home at Milesburg." The departure of the Rev. Mr. Ware is sincerely regretted in Smethport, where he is respected not alone for his many excellent qualities as a minister but for his enterprise, integrity and industry as a citizen. The people of his new pastorate are certainly to be congratulated on securing this excellent man as their minister, and the MINER cordially wishes Rev. and Mrs. Ware their full measure of success and happiness in their new home.

Personal Mention.

Dr. F. C. Pierce visited Olean yesterday.

W. F. Specht is visiting in Philadelphia.

E. J. Brasted of Kane was in Smethport Saturday.

Lloyd Armstrong departed for Buffalo Saturday last.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a Smethport visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver passed Thanksgiving day in Kane.

Al Heath of Bradford visited his parents in town Thursday last.

Ben Young and Floyd Heath were Bradford visitors Thursday.

Policeman A. L. Ives of Eldred was a visitor in town Thursday last.

John Stoneburg of Crosby was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

Miss Blanche McBride of Newerf is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kenyon of Bradford are visiting in town this week.

Mrs. F. T. Chamock of Kane visited friends in town Thursday and Friday.

H. S. Rogers, Esq., of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

John Stratton of Keating township was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hagberg of Hazelhurst were visiting in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Gifford of Olean were guests of Smethport relatives last week.

Miss Edna Freeman was a guest of Bradford friends the latter part of last week.

J. A. Holder has returned from a two months' visit at various points in the South.

Miss Anna Berge of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town the latter part of last week.

Perry Smiley of Bradford was a welcome caller at the MINER office yesterday morning.

John Green of Olean, a former popular resident of Smethport, was in town Thursday last.

Miss Tavia Raymer left Tuesday for a visit with friends in Olean, Pittsburg and Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. A. Powell of Ridgway was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, last week.

T. H. Pancoast of New York City was greeting his many friends in town the first part of the week.

Misses Aletha Pickersgill and Viola Badger were guests of Hazelhurst friends last Thursday.

Orlo Bard of Colegrove was greeting friends in town Friday and made the MINER a welcome visit.

Roy Stark came over from Bradford Wednesday and spent Thanksgiving day at his home in this place.

Ransom Wetenhall departed Monday for State College where he will take a course in dairy instruction.

Mrs. Adam Zupp and daughter, Miss Ella, of Clarion visited Smethport friends during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blake of Eldred and Mrs. Emil Jahn of Buffalo are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Freeman visited Mr. and Mrs. Philip Freeman of Bradford the latter part of last week.

Mrs. W. V. Provin and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Olean are guests of relatives and friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Campbell's parents at Smethport.—Kane Republican.

Mrs. E. A. Hoffman and daughter, Miss Eva, and Mrs. C. Herzog visited friends in Hinsdale, N. Y., this week.

Mrs. Kate Taylor departed for her home in Albany, N. Y., after a short visit with relatives and friends in town.

Recorder H. M. Choate and Miss Mary Choate, were guests of Attorney and Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Brennan and daughter, Mrs. Edna Warren, were guests of Mt. Jewett relatives and friends the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Potter and son, Allan, of St. Marys were in town between trains Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Felix Southwick and Don Bell, who are students at Chamberlain Institute, Randolph, N. Y., passed Thanksgiving at their homes in town.

Joseph Natello, a former Smethport boy, was greeting his many friends in town this week. "Joe" has been employed in Terre Haute, Ind., for the past few years.

Mrs. W. J. Kerr, and daughters, Grace and Hester, who have been the guests of Mrs. Kerr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of Bradford returned home Saturday.

When the Stomach, Heart, of Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this trial test. Sold by all druggists.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble," writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. One druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

THE LYCEUM

Thursday, Dec. 12, '07

E. HOLBROOK

Presents the Greatest of all Melodramatic Conceptions

THE TRAIN ROBBERS

A powerful, sensational, scenic surprise, staged with careful attention to detail. A play of heart interest and strong, sensational situations, teaching a grand lesson of the everlasting truth. Replete with unique comedy situations and thrilling climaxes. See the

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crossing the Famous

Black Ravine Bridge.

Prices: 25, 35, 50

Seats on Sale at Wells' Pharmacy.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

I'LL TELL YOU

how to keep warm for a little money.

BUY A SWEATER,

As shown in our window, at actually less

THAN COST PRICE.

A chance purchase enables us do offer you this year's sweaters at a great bargain.

$1 sweaters 50c $2 sweaters $1
$2.50 " $1.25 $3 " $1.50
&c &c &c

GET ONE!!

Search as you may you will not be able to get another Sweater Bargain like this—after this week.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns Mourning Shirts

FRY & COMES.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HOLIDAY GOODS ARE READY FOR YOU NOW.

It is with great pleasure that we invite you to inspect our new goods suitable for gift purposes—in the regular lines of Home Furnishings and Men's, Women's and Children's wear, as well as distinctive Holiday stocks. Our assortments are considerably larger than we have ever shown before. Our prices are fixed in a way to make shopping here very advantageous. No where can you secure better values—Just a few hints of what we have:—

Umbrellas	50c to $8.75	Sweaters	$1.00 to $3.50
Bath Robes	1.99 to 5.00	Stationery	10c to 2.00
Neckwear	10c 1.75	Toilet Sets	50c to 4.50
Mufflers	50c to 3.50	Fancy China	25c to 4.75
Gloves	25c to 3.75	Boys' & Girls' Books	5c to 25c
Furs	1.00 to 50.00	Toys	5c to 5.00

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

I am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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PHOTOGRAPHY

ATTEND

Doll Day

AT

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's

Saturday, Dec. 7

A Big Showing of Christmas Goods

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

I have just received the most complete line of

CHANDELIERS

ever shown at one time in the town.

If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

Helping Haskin Out.

By MAUDE LAMBERT.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"But our well is a pump!" exclaimed Myrtle so dolorously that even the mother, intolerant of superstition, had to laugh.

"It doesn't have to be your own well," explained old Mrs. Prentiss, with a defiant glance at her daughter-in-law. "It says that if you look into a well at midnight on Halloween you will see reflected in the water the face of the man you are to marry—if you are destined to be a bride within the year."

"Now, mother, stop putting foolish notions into Myrtle's head," exclaimed Myrtle's mother. "I've tried all these years to keep such things away from her, and now you are filling her mind with arrant nonsense."

The grandmother made a gesture of dissent.

"We didn't call it nonsense in our day, Susie," she protested. "We used to have a lot of fun bobbing for apples and all that sort of thing. I guess Myrtle can be a good girl, even if she does bother her pretty head about the Halloween rites. It's high time she tried them, anyhow. We run't go back again when we grow up and find out what we've missed as children."

The younger Mrs. Prentiss shrugged her shoulders. Her own youth had known no such foolish fancies. She had been brought up with Puritan rigidness and sought to mold Myrtle's mind, even as her own had been formed, in the rigid cast of conventionality.

At eighteen Myrtle had never had any of the childish diversions, and the advent of her paternal grandmother, with this new lure of Halloween, was like the visit of a fairy godmother. It was the first time she had seen her father's mother since, as a child of four, she had been brought west and already the kindly old lady had completely won Myrtle's heart.

The revelation of the Halloween mysteries was the most important disclosure yet made, and Myrtle threw herself with interest into the plan. Her grandmother lamented that there was not time to prepare for a Halloween party, but it was agreed that Myrtle should prove her fate by the well test. Wells were few, but in the orchard was a walled spring, and this, it was decided, would answer the purpose.

Myrtle had never had a sweetheart. Sweethearts for very young girls were frowned upon as being frivolous, and talk of love had been rigidly discouraged. As the time went her mother could not prevent Seth Haskin from blushing redly under his tan when he chanced to encounter Myrtle, and, though he had been refused permission to make the weekly call which in that section was the preliminary declaration of more serious intentions, the girl was made acutely conscious of his presence than of the few other men she met in town or on her steckle visit to church.

Her grandmother, a born matchmaker, had already sensed the situation, and if Myrtle's mother had known that the old lady had found opportunity to drop a hint to Seth her passive acquiescence in this frivolity would have become active opposition. As it was, she argued that since Mother Prentiss' stay was to be short it would be possible to regain her lost ground after the old lady should have returned home.

In John Prentiss his mother found an able ally. He gleefully recalled his own Halloween celebrations and insisted that he could still duck for apples with the best of them.

"Next year," he shouted, "we'll have a regular party, mother. I haven't felt so young in years." He bent again over the tub to plunge his ruddy face after the elusive apple, and his wife grimly regarding the unseemly performance, shook her head in disapproval.

But Prentiss was too absorbed in his fun to notice the head shake, and he insisted upon trying all the tests he knew. Almost before they knew it the clock struck 11 and then half past, and Myrtle, shivering deliciously over the adventure, stole softly through the orchard to the bubbling spring.

There was no moon, but stars spangled the sky, and their light made it bright enough to see her reflection in the little pool. Obedient to instructions, she leaned over the placid surface and began to repeat the verse her grandmother had taught her. Her heart stood still as she heard the approach of footsteps, but her blood froze in horror when two men took their stand on the other side of the hedge and began to talk of their plans.

"The train will be along in about thirty minutes," said the first. "I bet she gets smashed up some this time."

"Best job I ever did," was the response. "Jim's the engineer, and he won't see that the rail is out until they're right on it. They'll be in the gully before they know what struck 'em. We'll have the safes an' away before they get a hint."

She needed to hear no more of the conversation to guess at the identity of at least one of the speakers. For nearly a year the southwest had suffered from the depredations of a gang of train wreckers who operated only when heavy consignments of specie were being carried by the express companies.

In place of the usual holdup they derailed the train, often with heavy loss of life, and made away with the express safes before the first excitement was over. Half a mile beyond was a ravine bridged by a wooden trestle. It was evident that they had removed the spikes from one of the rails and that the train would pitch into the gulch.

Even as she knelt over the spring wondering what it would be best to do the sound of a bell rang floating down from the house—the signal that it was 12 o'clock. In the water of the pool a second face was reflected, and Myrtle gave a sigh.

"If it only was you, Seth," she whispered. "I need you so."

"It is Seth," came the answer in a whisper. "What is it, dear?"

Even in her excitement Myrtle thrilled deliciously at the word. It was the first time any one had called her "dear" in that tone. She half rose to her feet.

"There are two men on the other side of that hedge," she whispered. "One is Bill Logan and the other one of his men. They are going to throw the express into Cat creek."

Their whispering was so low that it could not be heard by the men in the shadow of the hedge. Seth, coached by Myrtle's grandmother, had approached so softly that even Myrtle had not heard him coming, and the outlaws, ignorant of their espionage, talked freely of their plans.

From their talk it was evident that they were armed. Seth was not. But there were a lot of fallen branches on the ground about them, and cautiously he selected two stout sticks.

With catlike stealth he stole toward the hedge where he judged the two men to be. With a stick in either hand he separated the shrubs until he was able to bring his clubs down with crushing force upon the skulls of the two outlaws.

Before they could recover from the shock he had sprung upon them, gaining possession of their guns, and while Myrtle flew to the house for aid he stood watch.

Ten minutes later the two men were trussed up and were being carried to the house, while Seth made his way up the track to signal the approaching train. The others of the gang had taken fright at the noise and had fled, and when the train was brought to a standstill within a safe distance from the house all the two robbers were piled on board to be taken into town when reports had been made.

Three months later there was a quiet little wedding, and Myrtle went to live on the farm that Seth had purchased with the reward paid for the apprehension of Logan. As the last of the guests left the house the elder Mrs. Prentiss turned to her daughter-in-law.

"It looks as though there were some truth in Halloween superstitions," she said comfortably.

"When they've helped along in the smartest fashion you urged upon young Haskin."

"Helping me out?" echoed Mrs. Prentiss. "Why, I was helping Seth out. That's what Halloween is for."

A Long Wait.

Vira, the Morses' sable cook, announced to her mistress that she intended to be married the next week.

Mrs. Morse, who died with regret, "Vira," she cried, "I was afraid William would persuade you at last. You said you'd never leave us."

"Why, I isn't gwine to leabe you, honey," and Vira patted the shoulder of her young mistress in a comforting way. "I's jes' markelly marrying dat William now to keep him from pestering me. He's been sorn' too much lately, an' yer if I cain't him off he'll get into mischief comin'. I's marrying dat boy to 'spise him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morse somewhat reassured by Vira's song, but slightly bewildered nevertheless, "I know it will be a fine thing for him, Vira, but won't he want to take you away?"

"What he get de money?" inquired Vira, returning to her work of beating eggs with renewed vigor. "I's saved de money fo' his honeymoon trip, and I's got his plans all laid out fo' him. He's got a ticket out to California an' to bring my ole father back 'eas', an' den I's gwine send him down sout' to my sister, an' den up in Canady to my brudder, an' when he gets dat family all rounded up an' has to support 'em mostly you t'ink he's gwine be in a hurry to hab me to soppo't 'em, honey?"—Youth's Companion.

Delicate Appetite.

"It's awful trying, this catering to a sick girl," Mrs. Douglas confessed to the friendly visitor who had called to inquire for Amy.

"I believe this convalescent business comes harder on me than her real sickness," continued Mrs. Douglas, with a deep sigh. "I'm that put to it to get something that she'll eat with a relish. I get all riled up sometimes trying to tempt her."

The visitor murmured something sympathetic, and, thus encouraged, Mrs. Douglas went on:

"Only yesterday," she said, "I got her a pork chop and 5 cents' worth of marshmallows for her dinner, and if you'll believe me she turned up her nose and said she couldn't eat a mite."—Youth's Companion.

A Sensitive Soul.

Owen Mudge was a very sensitive man. More than once at a harsh word he had forsaken profitable work and gone home for sympathy to his wife. One morning Owen started out to help Glenn Butler, who had bought a new stump pulling machine and was preparing to clear a field.

Toward noon Owen came back. Mrs. Mudge sighed and waited sympathetically for the explanation.

"I just couldn't stand it," said Owen, rubbing his jaw. "When I see that stump puller twist them roots out it reminded me so of the times I went to the dentist to get back teeth extracted. The first thing I knew I was limp as a rag, and I just ached all over and had to quit."

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

WIT OF AN IRISH STORY.

Lost, as a Rule, When the Tale Is Retold in Cold Type.

"Irish wit loses more in reduction to copperplate than that of any other nation on earth." At least that is the opinion of a St. Louis Hibernian who himself furnishes many excellent examples of the article in question.

"When an Irishman perpetrates a witticism it is always tinged with a personality which in print or even in the retelling is often completely lost. There is always something—a wink, a smile, an arch expression, a shrug or gesture—that emphasizes the joke and must be seen to be appreciated. Sometimes an Irish witticism put into type is mistaken for mere dullness of superstition.

"I remember once hearing an Irishman tell a story about a wonderful old time king on the north coast who caught the devil at some trick and for a punishment made Old Harry carve his own head on one of the cliffs. The story was told as seriously as a sermon would be preached. No one could apparently be more sincere than the story teller. He seemed to believe the legend as devoutly as though it came directly from holy writ.

"After he had wound up the narrative, noticing a smile on my face, he stared in apparent surprise. 'Don't ye belave it? Sure, the old king's hammer and chisel is kept in the church beyant, and what better proof could ye ax?' And he gave a wink and a grin and spread out both hands in a gesture of expostulation just as a lawyer would when posing before a jury and putting his most convincing argument in the form of a question.

"It was the most exquisite bit of acting I ever saw. The tone of perfect conviction in which he told the story was inimitable; then the contrast from solemnity to comic dismay at the idea of any one being so grossly incredulous as not to believe the story and the wink which indicated that he didn't believe it himself and was simply talking for amusement were worthy of any actor that ever trod the boards. Yet in the type all this was lost. To appreciate properly the wit of an Irish story you must hear the Irishman tell it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SOAP IS ANCIENT.

It Was Used by the Gauls as a Dressing For the Hair.

Who invented soap? That it is not a modern convenience is well known, but just when it came into general use is a mystery.

In Biblical times cleansing agents were used. The books of Job and Jeremiah contain the word "soap." But this is merely a convenient use of the word in translation. The Hebrew word "borith," for which it was substituted, is a general term for cleansing substances. What those substances were is unknown, but they were probably little like the modern soap.

Pliny speaks of the invention of soap by the Gauls, who, however, used it only as a sort of pomade or hair dressing. He also refers to the use of both hard soap and soft soap by the Germans. The use of fuller's earth, which has saponaceous qualities for cleansing purposes was known to the Romans.

The French word for soap, savon, comes from Savona, France, where it was manufactured. The first manufacture of soap in London is said to have been in 1524, and previously Bristol had supplied it for use in the English cities.

According to the historian Sismondi, a soapmaker was included in the retinue of Charlemagne, king of the Franks, at the end of the eighth century.

In the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii a soap boiler's shop was uncovered, with soap in it, showing that the making of it was known in the first Christian century.

Pliny, who wrote of the eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed the two Roman cities in 79 A. D., stated that soap was made from tallow and ashes and that the German soap was the best. Galen also referred to the use of soap.

A Gracious Negative.

"The other day I got the politest turndown," said a bond salesman, "that ever happened. I had been talking from 11 o'clock till almost noon to a man I'd known at college, trying to interest him in $10,000 of what I considered very exceptional bonds. Finally he looked at his watch.

"'Bob,' he said, 'it's luncheon time.'

"'That's so,' I answered.

"'Bob,' he went on, 'if I buy those bonds will you take me out to lunch?'

"'Of course,' I said. 'Why, sure.'

"'Well, Bob,' he concluded, 'you'd better have lunch with me this noon.'"—New York Sun.

Solitude Cures Crying.

"The best way to cure yourself of crying is to live alone," said the woman. "I used to cry an awful lot when I was married, but I hardly ever do now. It's the saddest thing in the world to hear yourself crying all alone in your flat, and what's the use anyway if there's nobody around to say 'There, there'"—New York Press.

The Change.

"You don't love me as you used to," declared the turncoat wife. "Before we were married you considered me absolutely perfect"—

"Yes," interrupted the downtrodden husband, "but now you're perfectly absolute."—Philadelphia Press.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Mrs. Cobrugger—It isn't right to charge Freddie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me? Cobrugger—Because it wasn't all taken.—Harper's Weekly.

Are you having trouble with your kidneys? There are lots of people to-day wonder why they have pains across the back, why they are tired and lacking in energy and ambition. Your kidneys are wrong. They need relief without delay. Take DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills; they are for weak back, inflammation of the bladder, backache and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

MACBETH.

A Famous Actor's Views on the Sleepwalking Scene.

The first time I read this tragedy I expected to see the sleepwalking scene played by Macbeth instead of his wife. This scene occurs at the beginning of the fifth act, and not until the gentlewoman and the doctor converse together are we aware of the change in Lady Macbeth's character and of the illness that has made her weak. A woman so brutal in her conception and so resolute in her projects—how could she at once lose steadfastness, she who was capable of saying:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out,

Such a woman is capable of committing any crime without losing her impassiveness. I should have preferred not to see her, even in sleep, wash her hands of the murder of Duncan. Her wicked personality would have appeared still greater.

I do not believe that Shakespeare meant the sleepwalking scene for Lady Macbeth. Have you not noticed how precise the famous writer was in drawing his characters? He always tried to keep them in the same light from beginning to end. To my mind it seems impossible that Lady Macbeth should collapse like that. Instead it would be more natural in Macbeth. I found this scene so unnatural that I cut it out in my version.

The explanation may be something like this: In Shakespeare's day there were no women players. Perhaps some of the actors were not satisfied with the length of their respective parts. Shakespeare, to keep the peace, may have shortened Macbeth's speeches and given them to somebody else.

The tragedy of Macbeth is a sublime display of tragic passion, a pathetic picture of fate and evil conquering good. There is no moral, but without doubt this play may be regarded as the greatest work of dramatic literature.—Tommaso Salvini in Putnam's Monthly.

ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A Vision That Saved a Life on the Yorkshire Dales.

It is not often that we hear of a ghost saving a man's life. There is, however, an instance, and it seems to be tolerably well authenticated, and materialists will hardly know how to account for it. Here is the story. It is of the Yorkshire dales and of a good many years ago. A clergyman whose duty lay in that wild country, where a strong race of men and women lived principally on bacon and oatcake and knew not save rarely butcher's meat, used to ride or walk to visit the people. He had been raising a subscription in a time of scarcity and had to be out late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother, who had died some time before. He was no waystruck for words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the figure disappeared. He noted the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it. However, some years after he had taken the duty at a fell in another part of the country one of the prisoners lying under sentence dashed to make a confession. After telling him of a lot of crimes he said: "I was very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that and year, and I heered as how you went, carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big bowlders of the brown moor. I saw you reading up and waited till you should be near enough, but that night you were not alone." This is a startling tale and the stronger because the vision or whatever it was was seen by two people. The anecdote occurs in an article twenty years ago in Macmillan's Magazine by Lady Verney.

Sense of Smell.

The olfactory nerves are wonderfully sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy, yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how wonderfully fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. Much have we gained by civilization, but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is said frequently to be in inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably.—St. Louis Republic.

Houses and Homes.

There have been and there are today in the various lands of the earth many people who have no houses and nothing that you could call furniture even of the antique variety. But there can be no doubt that they are far happier than many who are comfortably housed in mansions which contain everything that money can buy.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Talking and Thinking.

The Man—A learned scientist advances the theory that a severed head is capable of thinking, although it is unable to speak. The Woman—That's queer. It is so much easier to talk than it is to think!

Call Money.

Nell—What is call money, dear? Belle—I guess it's the kind you call up your husband on the telephone for to tell him you must have it right away.—Baltimore American.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

FEATHERED ANGLERS.

How the Great Heron Stabs Fish With Its Lancelike Bill.

While the kingfisher feeds by day, the great heron begins his fishing at dusk and as the stars peep forth. When I am about to make the last few casts and stop fishing in a trout pool I hear the loud whir of his vast stretch of wings passing close by, flying low to a favorite shallow part of the river, and down drop his long legs, and he settles right down to business, motionless as a stone. Sometimes for half an hour not a feather moves.

He watches with unwearied patience. When he does strike it is as quick and as sure as fate, for the first luckless fish that approaches within his reach is seized with surprising dexterity. Like the kingfisher, the heron beats to death those fish of larger size, swallowing them whole, headforemost, such being their uniform position when found in the stomach. He will then at once assume the same attitude of silent watchfulness, and the finny tribe, though frightened at his first dash among them, return again in a short interval only to be transfixed with his long lance shaped bill.

Hermann's "Natural History" says: "When a heron is fishing it stalks slowly and silently along the shore, preferably in water about six inches deep, its head carried well forward, but about on a level with its shoulders, while its big eyes keenly scrutinize every object in the water. It takes long steps and plants each foot softly in the true still hunter fashion to avoid alarming its game. When a fish is found within range the kinks of the neck fly straight and the fish is seized between the mandibles. The fish is not stabbed through and through."

This latter statement is only correct when small fish are taken. I have it on expert authority that herons repeatedly stab large trout up to two pounds in weight, making a hole in the back large enough to insert the thumb.—Louis Rhead in Recreation.

THOUGHT HIM A SPY.

An English Official's Narrow Escape in France in 1870.

The thrilling adventure which befell Captain Haworth, one of Queen Victoria's messengers, vividly illustrates the perils of the diplomatic service when a member of that corps is traversing a country where the storm and stress of war is raging.

It was during the Franco-German war, and Captain Haworth was on his way home charged with dispatches from the British ambassador, then at Tours. He got as far as the town of Le Mans, when something suggested to the excited townsfolk the idea that he was a Prussian spy.

He was arrested, carried before the mayor, and required to give an account of himself. He explained that he was in the service of the British government and produced his credentials. He was then asked to show the contents of the little bag which, as he affirmed, contained his official dispatches. This he resolutely refused to do, though he showed them the government seal.

His refusal was thought suspicious, and he was plainly told that unless he could produce some more satisfactory evidence he must be prepared to die. The ordinary messenger was actually led away for execution and was saved only by some little glimmering of common sense in the captain of the guard he was committed to.

This officer remonstrated with his prisoner on the folly of refusing to satisfy the court by submitting his papers to their inspection. Captain Haworth told him that their bullets should go through that bag and his breast at the same time and that then they would have to reckon with the British government. The officer seemed to be impressed and sent him back to the authorities. After further parleying the Englishman was ordered to clear out of the town with all speed, an order which he did his best to comply with.

How Kingfishers Perish.

Dreadful is the death of the stately kingfisher. A hard winter is his certain doom. Long observation seems to indicate the birds do not migrate, and from having to enter the water for their prey in winter their dripping feet quickly become incased in ice. As in hard weather it is only possible for them to alight either on snow or ice or in water, it is easy to see how the ice around their feet would quickly accumulate and bring about a lingering death.—London Globe.

A Stuttering Story.

A noted humorist tells a stuttering story: "It is about two blacksmiths, both stutterers. The first snatched a redhot lump of iron from the forge, rushed with it to the anvil and then began this conversation: 'N-n-now, th-th-then, st-strike qu-quickly!' 'W-w-where shall I strike?' 'I-j-just at the end. H-h-hurry up!' 'Th-th-this end?' 'Yes, of c-c-course. Mind you, hit s-s-straight.' 'All r-r-right. Shall I h-h-hit her g-g-go?' 'N-n-no, you f-f-fool, the iron's c-c-cold.'"

Loss Fully Covered.

Adjuster—I've called to fix up that matter of your house burning down. Was the loss total? Heck Penn—Oh, th' house is plumb gone; but, young feller, ef I tuck a cent from yore company I'd feel like a thief. Mebbe you heven't heard thet my wife tuck advantage o' th' excitement t' elope.—Puck.

Second thoughts are often best, even in a case of love at first sight.—Philadelphia Record.

None are secure from desperation, few from subtlety.—Byron.

Bees' Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. E. Mackey.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Haugood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—, E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—M. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. H. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and 1 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at 1, O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELE GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 189, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. O. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
E. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Thursday afternoon.
ELIZABETH RUDISH, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Parkins block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres't.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 78, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MONTGOMERY, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.
A. A. ABBEY, S.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ward, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Dan Cupid—Magician.

By HARRY HOUDINI.

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In agony of apprehension Williams started to arrange his modest conjuring apparatus. A few hours earlier his debut as a parlor entertainer had been a matter of joyous and ambitious anticipation. Now the brocaded walls of Senator Morgan's music room fairly threatened to close in and choke him, while the fragrance of hothouse flowers oppressed him strangely. He wondered how he had ever dared to ask the vaudeville agent who supplied Mrs. Morgan and other fashionable hostesses with talent to let him substitute for Thorley, the eminent magician who had fallen a victim to la grippe. Of course he would fail. Mrs. Morgan would be furious, the agent would never give him another engagement, and his career would come to an ignominious end. The laughter and chatter of the children, dancing on the other side of the folding doors, sounded like the deathknell of his long cherished hopes.

"Can I help you in any way?" I am Miss Morgan. The servants are all busy with supper—and, I thought—perhaps"—

Young Williams had never thought of asking help, but as he faced the clear eyed, flower-like girl and the echo of her well modulated voice rang in his ears he felt that his one hope of succeeding lay in her presence. Men and women wiser in the social world than Frank Williams had fallen under the spell of Helen Morgan's rare sympathy and charm and wondered how this girl of high ideals and gentle manners could be the daughter of Senator Morgan, overborne with the arrogance of newly acquired wealth, and Mrs. Morgan, who radiated commonplace attributes as her recently purchased diamonds scintillated light.

At Frank's faltering thanks Helen Morgan began quietly, but deftly to carry out his instructions, placing a light gilt table piece in a corner there and where it would be within reach of the conjurer's hand a couple of a gleaming revolver. And though afterward Frank Williams could not tell how it had happened before the settings for his act were prepared the girl had drawn out his tale of hope and struggle, the proud head bowed in father sparing over the kindly, inexplicable nature of his youngest son, the loyal mother secretly brooding over and planning this odd chick of her little flock, his constant endeavor to learn the secrets of magic and then to secure admittance, even the rented dress suit and the gold watch which had been pawned that very afternoon to buy bonbons and gilded trifles to distribute among his youthful auditors. And as he finished it seemed to Helen Morgan that she stood in the presence of a struggling genius. She had read such stories of poets, musicians and inventors. The tawdriness of the conjuring world faded, and tenderly her hand rested on the white satin cover of the young man's servante. It was a bit of his mother's wedding dress, sacrificed gladly to her son's art, a rich fabric yellowed with age and finished with strips of rare old lace.

The performance was a great success. The children were duly mystified and more than delighted with the showers of trinkets and bonbons which apparently came from an inexhaustible source. Mrs. Morgan had condescended to express her appreciation, a footman had served a supper of such rare delicacies that Frank had longed to pack them all up with his paraphernalia and take them to his mother, and now as he walked down the broad avenue leading from the house he felt as if the house behind him was fairyland indeed and Helen Morgan its princess.

But he was roused from his dream by a grim faced butler, who came hurrying after him.

"You're to come back to the house," was the brusque order, and, re-entering his fairyland, Williams faced Senator Morgan, a glowering figure, in the foreground and Mrs. Morgan, a hysterical one, in the background. But in the eyes of the third he read pity, the same tender pity which he had seen in her eyes when Helen Morgan had stooped to pick up his trick rabbit as the frightened animal, escaping from his pocket and trembling at the shouts of the children, had run to the girl for protection.

"It's all for you, young man, unless you produce my wife's rings. She left them behind the rock crystal vase in the music room, and we don't propose to have them 'disappeared' as you do handkerchiefs and rabbits."

The scene which followed was a horrible nightmare to the young magician—his own protestations of innocence drowned in Mrs. Morgan's hysterics, Senator Morgan's orders for an officer, Helen's pleading for time to search and finally the discovery of the rings by a maid in Mrs. Morgan's dressing room. And when it was all over Williams was thrust out in the night through a side entrance, feeling more like a thief than an acquitted man. Then suddenly a gentle hand fell upon his arm, and a gentler voice murmured in his ear:

"Just a minute, please. I want to tell you how sorry I am. I hoped this would be the greatest night of your life"—

For one long minute the young man who had his own way to make and the girl whose future had been assured so far as wealth could accomplish this feat looked into each other's eyes. And the soul of the man, suddenly born, went out to the divine tenderness of intimate womanliness which is a greater power than mere physical beauty to take quietly, but with new found confidence.

"It has been a wonderful, wonderful night to me, and some day I am coming back to tell you why."

* * * * * * *

Under the chaperonage of a dowager duchess who knew how to turn her title to financial account Helen Morgan was "doing" the London season. In a stuffy drawing room she sat, and beside her was a man with a monocle, an English accent above reproach and a patronizing air. Of course the Morgan millions would mean the remantling of his ancestral but crumbling castles, but the utter indifference of this girl irritated him even while it commanded his admiration.

"I suppose you saw Erskine in Paris. He's been the go over there—made by the American set, I understand. They say it's his manners as much as his art that got the women all going. He never speaks during his performance and has the most inscrutable eyes. Never could understand why women went in so heavily for eyes. Conjurers bore me, as a rule, but I'm curious to see this man."

Helen Morgan hardly heard what the man with the monocle was saying.

"Erskine!"

In a secret drawer of her jewel case there lay a card, "Frank Erskine Williams," the card of the man who had never come back, never sent her a message in five years, the man who had forgotten! But no, this could not be he, for the man who had promised, had a ready tongue—yes, a ready tongue, as all men had—who promised.

A flutter of fans and a murmur of subdued interest announced that the lion of the evening had arrived. A quick inclination of the head, a snapping of long, slender fingers, and the performance was under way. With lightning rapidity and wonderful deftness the conjurer worked, and the breathless audience watched, not so much the tricks as the disturbing light in the inscrutable eyes, which seemed not to see either the sea of faces upraised to his nor even the assistant who did his unobtrusive duties.

Only one person in the fashionable audience saw something more, and that a quivering, blue eyed girl who for one brief second had met and held the magician's glance and seen burning in those inscrutable eyes a fire which had burned there on a night five years before, a fire lit centuries agone in the eyes of the world's first man—Adam.

The assistant called for a ring with which his master would work a new trick. Mechanically Helen Morgan handed him a magnificent hoop of pearls. Erskine took the ring gravely, raised a silver hammer and apparently smashed the trinket into a thousand pieces on an anvil of curiously wrought silver. Then he produced a sealed casket of water, in which swam a goldfish, and in the mouth of the fish he found the hoop of pearls. But the ring was not returned to its owner by the assistant. Instead, as the room rang with applause, the magician himself walked quietly down the aisle, formed by the parting of many silken skirts, and placed the ring on the girl's trembling white hand. Not even the man with the monocle noticed that the conjurer for an instant held the slim fingers in his with a pressure that threatened to crush them, nor did he dream that within the girl's palm lay another ring in which she dared not look.

Somewhat awkwardly she slipped on her long white glove. She was so deeply engaged in this operation that she did not even see the conjurer as he left the improvised stage. In the privacy of the boudoir hours later she held the conjurer's ring under the light of a blazing electrolier.

"Such an odd—I was almost going to say ugly—ring," she murmured as she slipped it on her finger and turned it this way and that. A diamond, an emerald, an amethyst, a ruby, another emerald, a sapphire and a topaz formed the brilliant half hoop. Then suddenly her cheeks burned crimson. She had read the story of the many colored gems. Their first letters spelled "dearest," the message of the man who had not forgotten his promises.

With her chocolate the next morning came an oddly shaped French gray envelope, bare of crest or monogram.

"Forgive my temerity of last night," ran the message within, "but for years I have been carrying that ring in my pocket, waiting for our meeting. They were the first gems I bought when success came my way, and I gathered them one by one, each perfect in its way and worthy the one woman in all the world. Yet last night I heard you were to marry the Earl of Warburton. If this is true, do what you will with the ring. If it is but an idle rumor, drop me a single word to the Hotel Cecil. 'Come.'"

Erskine laid aside the morning papers, heralding him as the fashionable world's new found idol, to answer a summons to the phone. The voice at the other end of the wire faltered, then grew firm and strong: "Come. I could not wait to write."

Pythagoras.

Undoubtedly Pythagoras was one of the greatest men of all time. We know very little of him, but we know enough to warrant us in giving him a place in the front rank of the world's thinkers. He was the first moral philosopher and one of the earliest of the world's mathematicians. It would require too much space to go into the details of the celebrated theory of "numbers," but by "numbers" Pythagoras meant nothing more or less than mathematics, as though he had said, "The first principle of all things, physically speaking, is mathematics."—New York American.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

Cuttyhunk Stock a Game of Chance as Politics or Poker.

You let down a heavy lump of lead and two big hooks baited with clams into thirty, forty or sixty feet of water. Then you wait until something nudges the line or until you suspect that the hooks are bare.

Then you give the line a quick jerk and pull in hand over hand, with more or less resistance, and see what you have drawn into the grab bag.

It may be a silly but nutritious cod, gaping in surprise at this curious termination of his involuntary rise in the world, or a silvery haddock, staring at you with round, reproachful eyes, or a pollock, handsome, but worthless, or a shiny, writhing dogfish, whose villainy is written on every line of his degenerate, chipless face.

It may be that spiny gargoyle of the sea, a sculpin, or a soft and stupid bake from the mud flats. It may be any one of the grotesque products of Neptune's vegetable garden, a sea cucumber, a sea carrot or a sea cabbage, or it may be nothing at all.

When you have made your grab and deposited the result, if it be edible, in the barrel which stands in the middle of the boat, you try another grab, and that's the whole story.

It is astonishing how much amusement apparently sane men get out of such a simple game as this. The interest lies, first, in the untried effort to fill the barrel, and, second, in the rivalry among the fishermen as to which of them shall take in the largest cod or the greatest number of haddock, these being regarded as prize packages. The sculpin and the sea vegetables may be compared to comic valentines, which expose the recipient to ridicule.

The dogfish are like tax notices and assessments—the man who gets one of them gets less than nothing, for they count against the catcher. It is quite as much a game of change as politics or poker. You do not know on which side of the boat the good fish are hidden.

You cannot tell the difference between the spring of a cod and the bite of a dogfish. You have no idea of what is coming to you until you have hauled in almost all of your line and caught sight of your allotment writhing and whirling in the fine water. Sometimes you get twins.—Scribner's.

LAWS AGAINST TOBACCO.

Early Legislation to Restrict the Use of the Weed.

One of the curiosities of early colonial legislation is the laws enacted against the planting and the use of tobacco. Evidently the magistrates and elders of those days regarded that "creature called tobacko" as one of the many emissaries of the devil, against whom it was their duty to wage constant warfare. The planting of it was forbidden except in small quantities to be used "for mere necessities, for physick, for perservacion of the health, and that the same only be taken privately by ancient men."

All keepers of hotels and other public places were ordered not to sanction any tobacco to be taken into their houses. If they disobeyed the order, they were required to pay a fine to the "victualler" and one also to "party that takes it." At little later the law was changed so that it was forbidden to "take tobacco in any wine or common victual house except in a private room there, so as the master of said house nor any guest there shall take offense thereat, which, if they do, the said person shall forfeit for each upon pain of 2 shillings sixpence for every such offense."

No one was permitted to use tobacco "publicequely," not even in his own house, in the presence of strangers. It was against the law for two men to smoke together. In Windsor every user of tobacco was required to procure a physician's certificate before he was permitted to enjoy the obnoxious weed. All smoking was forbidden within two miles of a meeting house on the Sabbath day. Connecticut, as a great indulgence to travelers, allowed a man to smoke once during a journey of ten miles made not by trains, but afoot or by horse locomotion.—New York Press.

Were Your Friend's Plants.

"If you have a friend going away for the summer," said the woman of experience, "don't keep a plant for her. The thing will probably die away, and you would consider yourself responsible. I worried through six weeks one summer tending a plant for a friend and then was invited to the country for a week end. I stayed two days in addition. Of course the plant was dead when I came back, and my outing was half spoiled by worrying over it. I bought a duplicate of it the day before my friend returned, and it cost me $2. Even then she said she thought it looked somewhat peaked."—Exchange.

Cheap Cheer.

A charitable man dropped a nickel in a blind beggar's hat and exclaimed in a benevolent voice, "There, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you."

"Why on earth," said the man's companion, "did you give him a nickel and say it was a quarter?"

"Oh, was the reply. "I wanted to cheer him up."—Argonaut.

The Long Conflict.

Little Sally (reading)—What is a prolonged conflict, Harry? Small Harry—I don't know. I asked papa this morning what it was, and he said it was something I couldn't understand until I grew up and get married.—Chicago News.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows and then undertake it.—Epictetus.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 80 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Turning The Tide.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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"The tide will turn some day," said Alva hopefully as she stirred the sugar in her tea with carefully studied indifference and then buttered her bread with the same utensil. "There is always a turn of the tide."

Sally Peterson shook her tiny small head vigorously. "There is bound to be a turn—when you turn it. My dear, nothing succeeds in this big town like success."

"But you must first gain success, and that is not something so easily gained."

"Nonsense," declared Sally oracularly. "Men and women are too busy to inquire if success is real. Look at the way I got ahead. It was all a bluff."

"A bluff!" Alva's eyes were wide open. "You sinful child, I know to my own knowledge of three checks you've had this week."

"Now, see," said Miss Peterson disdainfully. "I mean when I began. I was on the verge. I was stopping at a place a bit expensive than I could afford because one of the assistant editors on a big magazine stopped there too.

"I thought I could land him with some of my stuff, but he fought shy of it. Then one day I got a check for $100 from another magazine. I don't mind admitting that it was counterfeit, for I had a lot of subscriptions I had turned in. The editor at our hotel didn't know that when he cashed the check as I asked him to and his eyes bulged. My dear, I sent myself that same check four times in the next week and sold my editorial friend two stories on the strength of my success. Then where could I get a check?" demanded Alva. Sally smiled.

"I'll tell you. Get out of this cheap boarding house into a good locality. Dress good studio and leave the rest to me. I'll find the right sort of boarding house for you. Why, from this address alone they would know that you were a struggling artist and despise you accordingly."

There were other but less important details to be settled, and it was the end of the week before Alva found herself established as a fashionable address, enjoying the novelty of her surroundings and yet still fearful of the success of the scheme. For what her boarding place and studio now cost each week she could have lived for two months in the old way.

The second day a check came in an envelope with a fashionable address. From the waitress-girl more sleepy but as she brought Alva her breakfast, and the landlady beamed when asked to cash the check. Other checks followed, and almost before she knew it Alva was being asked for invitations to luncheons.

Her work was good, and soon real checks came in with orders for work, and Sally Peterson, who was using the fact that she was writing up society women for one of the Sunday papers to get the checks, no longer fudged her bills to keep up the supply. It had been easy to ask for a check for cash on the plea she had to send some money to a friend, and checks were easier than money orders.

Alva was still uncertain. From Puritan ancestors she had inherited odd notions of right and wrong, and it did not seem fair to sell to her patrons pictures that a few weeks ago had been regarded with supercilious scorn by the dealers to whom she submitted them. Under Sally's insidious coaching she was becoming used to it, largely because there was no way out of it. It was one night Geoffrey Marsden appeared upon the scene that her protest against the slight deceit became strong.

Marsden was a clean cut young fellow, far less aware of the importance of his millions than were most of his associates. He was doing squire duty to some of his friends at one of Alva's studio teas. Thereafter the young man became a frequent visitor to the cozy studio with the simple lettering "Miss Valhall" in black upon the door.

Marsden was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, and in less than three months he had proposed marriage. For an instant Alva's soul seemed filled with gladness, then she remembered with sinking heart that the success which had attracted her lover was all a sham, a fabrication of Sally Peterson and herself. Gently she withdrew the hand he was pressing to his lips and rose from her chair.

"I am sorry," she said dully. "I did not realize whither we were drifting. It was wrong of me to permit matters to go so far. Forgive me."

She raised her big, lustrous eyes to his white, tense face and held out her hand in token of dismissal.

"Is it that you do not love me?" he urged. "Is it because of some fault of mine that you say no?" he asked. "You can learn to love me, dear. The fault might be explained away."

"No, no," she cried. "It is not that. It is because—I cannot explain. Please do not ask me to explain." She pushed him from her and sank sobbing upon the Turkish divan.

For a moment Marsden watched her undecidedly. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, to insist upon an explanation in the hope of clearing away the trouble; but, manlike, he could not combat tears, so he stole softly out.

Alva heard him go, and she gave way to a fresh accession of grief, which presently exhausted her, and she fell into troubled slumber.

From her sleep she was roused by a knocking upon the door, and almost before she realized she had called out "Come in," and Geoffrey stood before her.

"I met that little friend of yours down the street," he explained awkwardly, "and she called me a fool for leaving you before I found out what the trouble was, so I came back," he added.

"I begged you not to ask," Alva rejoined tremulously.

"But Miss Peterson said to insist," he countered. "She is a tremendously clever little woman."

"I am sorry I ever met her," cried Alva passionately. "Then I might have been a success upon my own account and not a creature of deceit. Can you love me knowing that my success is wholly false, an acted lie?"

"You mean that some one else paints your pictures?" he demanded. "I don't care about the pictures. It's you I want, little girl. I don't care who did the pictures."

"It's not so but as that!" she cried shocked at the suggestion. And then slowly and sobbingly, she told, bit by bit, how she and Sally had turned the tide. The sun set and darkness settled down, yet neither seemed aware of the gathering dusk.

"And that's how my success was gained," cried Alva as she recited was concluded. "Now you understand why I cannot marry you. You, with your upright, honest ways, would forever despise me."

"It's merely advertisement," said Marsden, with a laugh. "Is this the dreadful skeleton in the closet that is to keep us forever apart?"

"Isn't it enough?" she demanded miserably.

"Do you know how the Marsden soap works were started?" he asked.

"We're making soap for all the world now, and good soap too. But the first factory was a kettle in our back yard. We all used to work it in the evenings, and during the day we three boys, Eddie and my brother George, who didn't need to go into groceries and ask for the soap, and rather would sell them a box, but that boy would bring new orders. Success creates success. We are turning the tide."

"Alva," he repeated tenderly. "As the tide of success has turned for you, dear, let me, too, control it." Alva looked at him reproachfully. "Then I am to be counted a discovery of yours? Then I'm the happy goal you might have sought?"

"It seemed a good enough," she whispered. "I'm shy."

But Marsden stopped her words with a kiss.

"We have turned the tide again," he said. "Let us not think of the tides that have ebbed and flowed."

Fireproofed by Water.

"Did you ever see wood what would not burn?" said the sailor.

"Oh, yes. There's briar pipe briar, you know, and there's ironwood and there's"—

But the sailor interrupted impatiently.

"No, no," he said. "I mean ordinary wood, pine like here."

And he drew from his pocket a piece of ancient looking pine. He applied several matches to it, and, as he predicted, the flame would not consume, but only blackened it a little.

"This piece of pine," he said, "has a strange story. It was fireproofed by water. It was part of a whaleboat, and once when a harpoon was stuck into a big whale the line fouled, the men all jumped for their lives and the while made a mad plunge downward, dragging the boat down behind it. Down, down, it went. They thought it would never come up again. It made a lot of these terrific plunges and dives, then it dashed off faster 'n lightnin', but it died in the end, and the whaler's men got it, and they got back their boat too.

"The wood of the boat was all like this here, hard as iron. What had hardened it was the pressure of the water. Scientific codgers said the whale must have carried the boat down half a mile or more to change the fiber of the wood like that."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Symbols That Express Affection.

What a humdrum old world this would be if it were not for the symbols! Turkey at Thanksgiving, the stockings hung at the blind fireplace or over the back of a chair at Christmas, the rabbits and eggs at Easter, the pennies under one's plate on his birthday—these old make believes generally sweeten our lives and make us better, gentler and stronger men and women. So when a wedding comes into our circle and we all work ourselves ill over the preparations, either making gowns and decorating the church or earning money to buy material and maintain the family pride with our gifts, when all this is over and the bride's mother has cried, and the guests have told what a sweet little girl she was, then we gather with laughter in our eyes and a tug at our hearts and throw rice and old shoes and all sorts of foolishness after the two who are looking so hopefully into the high noon of their lives. It is all symbolical. Surely it is more worth while than the firecrackers of the Fourth of July. Maybe it is as much so as the Thanksgiving day turkey or the Easter rabbit.—Washington Times.

Failed to Talk English.

A pleasant faced woman, cleanly and well dressed, occupied a seat on the immigrant train over the Pennsylvania railroad. Interpreter and passengers tried to converse with her in a dozen languages, but she only looked puzzled.

"What time does this train reach Braddock?" she asked the conductor in perfect English when the train reached Altoona. Her traveling companions had failed to talk English to her, the only language she knew.—Philadelphia Record.

There is something about Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup that makes it different from others as it causes a free yet gentle action of the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system. At the same time it heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat and lungs. It is pleasant to take. Children like it. Contains no opiates nor narcotics. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Weird Vigils of the Men In the French Service.

TOIL THAT BREEDS MADNESS.

The Only Wonder Is That Any of These Lonely Workers Escape Insanity—Pitiful Plight of the Isolated Keeper at Four en Finisterre.

A French writer, telling of the life of the lighthouse keepers along the coast of Brittany, thinks it strange that any of them escape insanity.

The system of relief that prevails in this country has no equivalent in the French service, and, with short intervals, months apart, a French lighthouse keeper may spend forty years of his life tending the lamps in one station, with a single companion, and that station may be on a rock out in the channel or the bay of Biscay, which boats can approach only in fine weather.

As a matter of fact, the men often do become insane or at least develop monomania. Sometimes it takes the form of hatred of each other.

In one case, at Treopnec, one of two men was found by a party who came off from the shore in response to signals lying dead in his bed with a long keen bladed knife through his heart.

His companion's story was that he had committed suicide after a long period of melancholia. There was no proof to the contrary, but after examining the wound the authorities doubted the truth of the story.

On another occasion, where father and son tended an isolated beacon together, the young man was seized with an attack of acute mania. When the time came to light up he planted himself in front of the stairway to the lantern and refused to allow his father to ascend.

The old man attacked his son and finding he could subdue him in no other way, so that the lights on which so many lives depended might be kindled, strangled him to death. The next day he staggered to the shore for help and gave himself up to the police, telling what he had done.

Sickness and death are no strangers in the lighthouses. There is rarely a time out of a hundred no chance of medical aid, and the well man prescribes from the medicine chest for the sick one as best he can. He also does double duty until his partner recovers or relief comes.

There are not infrequent cases when the surveyor has to sew up his dead comrade in a hammock and launch his weighted body from the rocks into the sea. Then come long nights of lonely watching.

In winter time the lamps must be tended and the clockwork kept going for fourteen to fifteen hours. The lantern is unheated except for the glow of the lamps up in its ceiling, and the government allows the watcher no chair less he fall asleep.

It is no wonder that weird fancies come to the men. They hear voices calling from the sea and see drowned men and women looking up at them from the breakers. One of their horrors is of the birds that beat against the windows of the lantern at night, attracted by the glare.

Just as is the case with American lighthouses, the feathered armies that migrate at night beat against the walls and lanterns of the beacons with their wings and dash against the panes of the lantern, sometimes breaking the glass with their beaks. As their eyes shine in the glare they seem to express anger or bloodthirstiness to the men within.

One of the most pitiful stories of lighthouse life is told of the keeper at Four en Finisterre, who kept all alone a station on an isolated rock a couple of miles out from the shore, but so surf beaten that only once a month or so was a boat sent out to it with supplies.

The cabin in which the keeper made his home was on the shore opposite his lighthouse, and the recreation he most enjoyed was watching it through his telescope. He could see the people go in and out and the children playing in front of it.

One day he saw something fluttering from the door jamb. He was puzzled. Then it flashed on him that it was crape and that some one had died in the house.

Was it his mother, he wondered, or his wife or one of his brothers? He counted the children later in the day, and they were all right.

The wind blew, and the water raged. No boat could come near him, and he watched the crowd of sympathizing friends come and go. Then he saw the funeral.

He recognized the cure at the head of the procession by his white surplice and the altar boys walking beside him. Then came the coffin carried by six men.

As the mourners walked after it he strained and strained his eyes vainly to identify each and thus determine the missing one, but in vain. All walked with bowed head. The women's faces were buried in their handkerchiefs, the men held their hats before theirs. He could make out nothing characteristic.

The men who eight days later risked their lives to row out to him and break the news of his wife's death found him a physical and mental wreck from sleepless anxiety. But he had kept the light burning faithfully all the time.

The French lighthouse keepers receive from 700 to 950 francs a year—$140 to $190. When they are worn out they retire on a pension of $6.80 a month.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Penelope's Problem.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was nearing the first week of July. The sun blazed down on the noisy, unshaded street where Penelope Compton lived, and the air was rife with the smell of heat parched brick and pavement. Penelope's sister, Ruth, a pale, gaunt young girl, spoke from the sofa, where she lay propped up with pillows.

"Don't you think there's any way, Penelope?"

"None so far, dear," said Penelope cheerfully. "But one never knows what may turn up."

For at least a month Penelope had been hunting a place in the country that should shelter her widowed mother, her sister and herself and be within the compass of her slender purse. With two invalids boarding was out of the question, and a summer cottage, no matter how small, had so far been beyond the means of Penelope, the breadwinner of the family, a frail but determined girl, the idol of the crowded city schoolroom in which she taught. Day after day since school closed she had answered advertisements, only to be disappointed. And it was imperative that the two invalids should have country air. Ruth grew paler week by week, and Mrs. Compton—but Penelope never dared to think of that, for she needed all the courage at her command. On this particular afternoon the pathetic patience of Ruth's question nerved Penelope to further effort. Something must be found! It was a matter of life and death!

Rising suddenly from her seat by the window Penelope caught up her hat that lay on a chair near by and began to pin it on with swift, nervous gestures.

"Are you going to try again?" said Ruth, the quickening of hope in her voice.

"I am going to take a street car—any car—and go out to the end of the line and then ask from door to door till I find what I want," said Penelope vehemently. "Do you feel strong enough, dear, to be left alone with mother?"

"Oh, yes," responded Ruth, brightening, as she always did at the expectation that their El Dorado might yet be reached.

Penelope stumbled blindly upon the first car that came. Beneath her brave exterior she was weary and sick at heart, but the keen rush of the air past her as the car left the crowded streets and took a downward grade to a more sparsely populated district was tonic and refreshing. She began to feel less tired, less hopeless. The car whizzed on through suburbs with trim, fenced in houses and green fields that stretched away in pleasant undulations. The leaves of the trees rustled, silver green in the afternoon light. When the end of the line was reached Penelope got out, her spirits rising. Surely among the cottages dotted here and there would be one that answered her requirements. But Penelope soon discovered that they were all rented. It was a thriving community, and there were no vacancies. Tears welled in Penelope's eyes, and she was forced to stop and wipe away the bothering drops. "I must find something," she said almost savagely. "I must! I will!"

A shady road opened before her. She had not dreamed that so truly rural a scene could lie within easy distance of the city. Elms grew on either hand; a bird sang muted down to her, drowsy with the heat; wild roses sent up a sweet briery perfume from the roadside hedges. No more girls, no fewer. Finally there were none at all. It became very still. Now and then a twig dropped or a tree toad chirped. The peace of it was balm to Penelope's tired nerves. She delighted in the flickering, leafy shadows, the warm essences of the earth. She paused to lean on fence rails and look at bits of views framed by swaying branches. She lingered to gaze at the ruins of what had once been a fine brick mansion and which now stood fire charred and desolate. A little way farther on Penelope came upon the barn belonging to it. It was a large, spacious structure, its red paint storm worn and peeling, its weathercock still twirling merrily as if in defiance to sun and rain.

Moved by an impulse she could scarcely define, Penelope tiptoed up to it and looked in its window. The interior was clean and airy. A few wisps of straw showed at the edge of the mow; the stalls were dimly hospitable. But it was the great width down the center of the barn that made Penelope thrill with sudden resolve. If only her idea were feasible! She wrenched at the door. It was bolted and did not yield. She looked in the window again and then, fired with the rapture of her find, went back along the road whence she had first come, her feet scarcely hardly to touch the earth. By diligent inquiry among the cottage colony she learned that the barn belonged to people by the name of Mason, but they had been abroad for years, and a Mr. Frederick Carey was in charge of the property. Back to the city went Penelope, hunted up a directory and afterward Mr. Carey. To him she breathlessly broached her plan. Would he rent her the barn for the season?

Mr. Carey's lips twitched. Penelope was so pretty, so desperately in earnest. Then as her words tumbled over each other in her eagerness he caught a fleeting glimpse of her life, grim with struggle against desperate odds. He took off his glasses and smoothed his iron gray hair. If his own daughter had lived she would have been about the age of Penelope. He cleared his throat.

"My dear Miss Compton," said he, "I have always considered an empty barn a menace to the public. Sooner or later it draws tramps or firebugs. So let there be no talk of rent. It will be a favor—a positive favor to the Mason estate if you and your family will occupy it during the summer months. When can you move in?"

"The end of the week—by Saturday," said Penelope joyfully.

"Good! I shouldn't wonder if my wife and I were out that same afternoon to look things over before my summer vacation. And, by the way, I wonder if you'd do us the kindness to store a Boston bulldog for us during the summer months? He has healthy chest tones and teeth, and I don't think you'll be troubled by vagabonds."

"A plucky girl," he mused to himself as he watched her retreating figure. Then he chuckled softly. The rent she had offered to pay was quite sufficient in itself, but it would have been less than a bagatelle to the Masons, with their immense fortune. Mr. Carey's position was one of friendship as well as trust, which left him a margin for any altruism he chose, and he smiled inwardly as he thought of the Masons' amusement when they found to what uses their barn had been put.

It was a radiant Penelope who greeted her family at nightfall, and a week later they were ensconced in their new home. The great floor of the barn was the living room. The stalls held cots, and the loft was stored with linen and wearing apparel. Gay posters and magazine pictures decorated the walls. Bright calico cushions were piled on a sofa constructed of soap boxes. Bowls of wild flowers stood here and there. And Penelope, tripping about with a new elasticity to her step, was like a wild flower herself, joyous with bloom.

Every day the great doors of the barn were open, and air and sunshine rioted within. By night came cool, dewy odors of hedgerow and field. Week by week Penelope's mother grew stronger. Week by week Ruth lost her pallor and became more vivid, more full of life. They would stay till the sharp frosts drove them cityward, Penelope decided. As for her school—she would commute every day.

It was on an afternoon late in August that a young man on horseback came to inspect their dwelling, amused appreciation glowing in his frank brown eyes. It was Aldrich Mason, Jr.

"I hope you won't think it impertinent of me," he said, that after the wonderful things that Carey told me when I got back from the other side I felt I had to come and see for myself how unique it was."

"Shall I show you through?" said Penelope, laughing, and he dismounted and followed. As she gave him a drink of his own well water he looked at her before he touched it to his lips. "To the pluckiest, bravest girl in the world," he said.

He came the next afternoon with books for her mother and the following one with magazines for Penelope. After he had ridden away Penelope went and stood by her favorite fence rail looking off across the fields. There came a soft thudding of hoofs behind her. Aldrich Mason was back again.

"Don't think me an infernal bounder," he pleaded, "but you know it's going to be a whole week before I see you again, and in the meantime I'd like to ask if I—if I'm getting in on some one else?"

"No," Penelope said, with a smile.

"If I write to you will you"—

"Perhaps," said Penelope demurely.

"Good!" he cried buoyantly and rode away a second time.

Penelope watched him go with a happy flutter at her heart. The fairy prince had come at last, and it promised to end as all good stories and good fairy tales should, and Penelope, with a feeling that her arid life was, since her first discovery, all bordered with rainbow colors, stood looking across the fields till the evening star and the purpling shadows warned her it was time to make the homeward way.

Practical Wives.

The wives of men of sentiment often possess a vein of strong common sense and a matter of fact nature which may at times serve to bring their poetical husbands down from their flights of fancy rather rudely.

Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful fancies to his wife, who listened with eyes cast down, apparently absorbed in his words. As he finished and waited for her appreciation to express itself she said quickly:

"Don't put on those stockings tomorrow, dear. I must mend that hole in the left one."

One day, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate, they saw some playful lambs in a meadow.

"Ah," said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!"

"They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce."

Frenzied Finance.

A negro down in Virginia was telling a lawyer acquaintance about another negro who owed him $2, but after continued dunning for some time positively refused to pay.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you, what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the negro, "he said he had owed me dat money so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, an' he didn't owe me a cent."—New York Times.

Grieg as a Schoolboy.

Grieg, the noted composer, was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation. You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch."—St. James' Gazette.

Arabian Hypocrisy.

Writes a traveler: "The noblest and the barest Arabs are agreed that to obtain as quickly as possible all the available cash they can lay their hands on is by no means degrading. But even here subtle diplomatic canons come into play. The Arab must always have right on his side, for in studied and complex hypocrisy he has nothing to learn from us. If an Arab would rob his guest—I am speaking from personal experience—he will first talk at length on the subject of honor, hospitality, and so forth. He will gradually work the matter round as to why you are traveling, throw out suggestions that spies, enemies and intruders cannot claim hospitality, suggest that he himself is poor, question himself as to whether he ought not to detain you as a prisoner, again state that he is in want, and thus shift from blackmail to coloring and from gentle requests to threats, until he has extorted a sum of money which in his curious brain he might describe as the least he could accept with honor or the most he could extract without danger to himself."

The Spanish Galleon.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became almost from her inception a center of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and, high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and forecastle and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stern was clumsy, broad and blunt and smashed heavily through the waves to the great detriment of speed. This and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the landlubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval manuvers to the stand up and knock down tactics of the land fight on a common platform.—John C. Fitzpatrick in Scribner's.

Bluffed the Parson.

The former Lord Elphinstone's parish minister was a very scatter brained theologian and in his sermons often knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday his lordship, in his customary sleeping, gave vent to an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister, who stopped and cried, "Waken, my Lord Elphinstone!"

A grunt followed, and then his lordship answered, "I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleeping. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last," exclaimed the pastor.

"Oh, aye," returned the peer; "ye said 'Waken, my Lord Elphinstone.'"

"Aye, true," said the minister. "But I wager ye dinna ken what I said just afore that."

"Tuts," replied the nobleman promptly, "I'll wager ye dinna ken yersel."—Dundee Advertiser.

Instead of Cutting Corks.

After withdrawing a cork from a bottle the former rapidly expands, and when one wishes to replace it one frequently finds that it has become too large for the purpose. The usual remedy in such cases is to pare pieces off the side. This, however, is seldom satisfactory, for the cork, as a rule, is far from airtight, and in some cases will not even keep the liquid in. Another way is to place it on the floor and roll it backward and forward with one's foot, putting a certain amount of pressure on it. After a few minutes of this persuasive treatment it will have become fairly soft and can be inserted in the bottle without difficulty.

A Rare Complaint.

"Isn't it strange," asks the first man, "that so many men, after years of ruthless, commercial practices, piracies one might almost say, after they have climbed to the very pinnacle of success, should have softening of the brain?"

"It would be stranger yet, infinitely stranger," replied the man with the corrugated brow, "if any of them ever had softening of the heart."—Puck.

Sex and Beauty.

Why are men better looking than women? It is a problem which must perplex and pique modern women, for taking them in the aggregate men nowadays leave women behind in point of personal beauty.—London Gentlewoman.

Mark Twain's Mean Man.

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Mark Twain, "lived in Hannibal. He sold his son-in-law the half of a very fine cow and then refused to share the milk with the young fellow on the ground that he had only sold him the front half. The son-in-law was also compelled to provide all the cow's fodder and to carry water to her twice a day. Finally the cow butted the old man through a barbed wire fence, and he sued his son-in-law for $50 damages."

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, ill pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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is more easily adjusted to your income by the use of a checking account. From month to month you have an exact record of all money received and paid out.

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The endorsement upon the back of a check is proof that the party received the amount of the check.

Start to-day to pay by check. Your account is earnestly solicited.

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A week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

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Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

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Modern, scientific and up-to-date painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE.
Smethport, Pa.

Tetterchek a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but it is oddly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name Preventics. Cold for children, 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

STOMACH IS SEAT OF HUMAN LIFE

New Theory Advanced by Young Man Is Spreading Over Entire Country.

L. T. Cooper's theory concerning the human stomach, which he claims to prove with his new medicine, is being given more respect and comment every day.

Cooper claims that 90 per cent. of all ill health is due to stomach trouble. When interviewed about his theory recently, he said: "Stomach trouble is the great curse of the 20th century so far as the civilized races are concerned. Practically all of the chronic ill health of this generation is caused by abnormal stomachic conditions. In earlier days, when the human race was closer to nature, and men and women worked all day out of doors, digging their frugal existence from the soil, the tired, droopy, half-sick people that are now so common, did not exist.

"To be sure, there was sickness in those days, but it was of a virulent character, and only temporary. There was none of this half-sick condition all the time with which so many are afflicted nowadays.

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble. The human stomach in civilized people today is degenerate. It lacks tone and strength. This weakness has gradually come through a sedentary existence. I further know that few people can be sick with the digestive apparatus in perfect shape. This sole reason for my success is because my New Discovery medicine tones the stomach up to required strength in about six weeks' time. That is why I have had more people come and thank me wherever I have gone to introduce my medicine, than I have had time to talk with."

Among the immense numbers of people who are now strong believers in Cooper's theory and medicine is Mrs. M. E. Delano, a prominent resident of the suburb of Brookline, Boston, Mass. She says: "For several years I was broken in health, caused primarily by stomach and nerve troubles. I gradually became worse, until recently I was compelled to go without solid food for days at a time. I had sour stomach, palpitation of the nerves of stomach and heart, dyspepsia, and extreme nervousness. I suffered terribly with insomnia, and my liver, bowels and whole system gradually became deranged. I felt instant relief the first day I began this Cooper medicine. I now feel like a new being. Today, I walked all over town, shopping—something I have not done for years.

"I make this statement wholly from a sense of duty. I feel I owe it to anyone who might find relief and renewed happiness as I have done."

The record made by the Cooper medicines is astonishing. We will take pleasure in discussing it with anyone who wishes to know about them. —McCoy's Drug Store.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You.	Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 99, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Alice E. Young did, on the 19th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, HARRY C. Young:

We therefore command you, the said Harry C. Young that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Alice E. Young, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice E. Young, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 204, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Eber Roslyn Young did, on the 7th of May, 1907, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Cora Smith Young.

We therefore command you, the said Cora Smith Young, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Eber Roslyn Young, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Eber Roslyn Young your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

C. E. Ladd, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 183, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Stewart did, on the 18th of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward F. Stewart.

We therefore command you, the said Edward F. Stewart, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Stewart and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Stewart, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1907.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 206, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Kate Richmond did, on the 25th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. M. Richmond.

We therefore command you, the said C. M. Richmond, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Kate Richmond and show cause, if any you have, why the said Kate Richmond, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

C. E. Ladd, Libellant's Attorney.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Olivp & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Mamilla's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Boone D. Mamilla, Jesse Fenton,
Mamilla & Fenton,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Mamilla & Fenton (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penn'a
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PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 406.

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton House, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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SMETHPORT PENNA.
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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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T. H. FURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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